

MARVEL

No. 13

Use In Canada

10¢

COMICS

MYSTERY

NOVEMBER

Sensational
**NEW
FEATURE**



THE VISION



**SUB-
MARINER**



THE ANGEL

UNITED STATES
GOLD VAULT

THE HUMAN TORCH
BLASTED THROUGH
THE STEEL WALL!!



CUT-THROAT JUSTICE

By Andrew McWhiney

Yes, it was a cut-throat world, all right — too much so, to suit Danny's purpose.



DANNY THE DUD was going upriver to the Big House, but you'd never have guessed it from the way he acted. As they climbed from the green police van and pushed through the gaping crowds, he was smirking a little. He was almost strutting as they tramped through the echoing passageways of the railroad terminal. The cops noticed this.

"Better be careful," ordered Captain McGraw. "This guy's got something up his sleeve. Maybe his pals will try to cut him free at the train."

So the dicks and harness bulls stood around with hands on gun butts. But there was no attempt to set Danny free. Nothing was further from Danny's mind. He straightened his tie when he saw the photographers, and grinned

broadly when the flash bulbs went off. Then he almost dragged the two deputies aboard the train by the handcuffs. He seemed eager to get started.

As the train wheels clicked over the rail joints, Danny sat staring at nothing. Most men devoured the scenery, the last they would see for a long time. Not Danny — he was busy thinking.

He chuckled. The deputies looked at each other in amazement.

"Let us in on the secret, Danny," urged one.

"Yeah, how come you're so happy?" asked the other. "We're the law, but all we got is headaches and trouble. Maybe crime really does pay, huh?"

"Maybe it does," Danny said. "Let's have a cigarette, copper."

Continued on inside back cover



MEANWHILE—IN THE RADIO ROOM
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS—

THAT WRECK WAS
LIKE ALL THE OTHERS—
SPLIT RAILS, MURDER
AND ROBBERY?

SOUNDS
LIKE THE
WORK OF
AN ORGANIZED
MOB?

I KNEW I'D AND
YOU HERE, TORCH?

CAPTAIN
RAWLINS? SAY—YOU LOOK
AWFULLY MAD.
DID THE MAYOR
BAWL YOU OUT?

NO! IT'S THESE SUBWAY
WRECKS! TORCH YOU'RE
TO GET AT THE BOTTOM
OF THIS NEW HORROR!
THAT ORDER IS EFFECTIVE
IMMEDIATELY?

YES SIR!
LOOK
OUT!

ARE YOU
CRAZY?

WOW! A KNIFE
THRU THE
WINDOW! IT'S
GOT A MESSAGE
ON IT!

SORRY
CAPTAIN?

THE NOTE IS A WARNING
NOT TO INVESTIGATE THE
SUBWAY WRECKS, OR WE WILL
FACE A GREATER TERROR?

AND THERE GOES OUR
KNIFE-THROWING
FRIEND—SLIDING
DOWN A ROPE?

HURRY—WE
CAN'T WAIT!

GET GOING! THE
TORCH IS AFTER US!

RIGHT!

FASTER!
FASTER!

THIS CAR CAN'T GO ANY
FASTER! WHAT IN—
THE TOP IS MELTING!
I THINK THE TORCH HAS
LANDED ON US??

FEAR GRIPS THE DRIVER AND HE
LOSES CONTROL OF THE
WHEEL.



THEIR CAR TURNED OVER?
I HOPE THEY'RE
STILL ALIVE?



YOU'RE THE TORCH?
IF YOU'RE AFTER THESE
BOYS, THEY HAVEN'T ONE
CHANCE IN A MILLION?

FOR A
TRUCK
DRIVER,
YOU KNOW
QUITE A
BIT?



I WAS A MEDICAL
STUDENT, BUT
COULDN'T MAKE
THE GRADE?

I SEE? DID
YOU HEAR THAT?
YOU'RE DUE FOR
A LONG REST?
WHEN AND WHERE IS
YOUR NEXT JOB?



T-O-DAY AT 5:30?
S-SOUTH BOUND
EXPRESS?
-OH-4-H

5:30?



WHAT TIME
IS IT NOW?

ALMOST
5:20?



THERE'S JUST A
CHANCE TO STOP
THAT TRAIN?

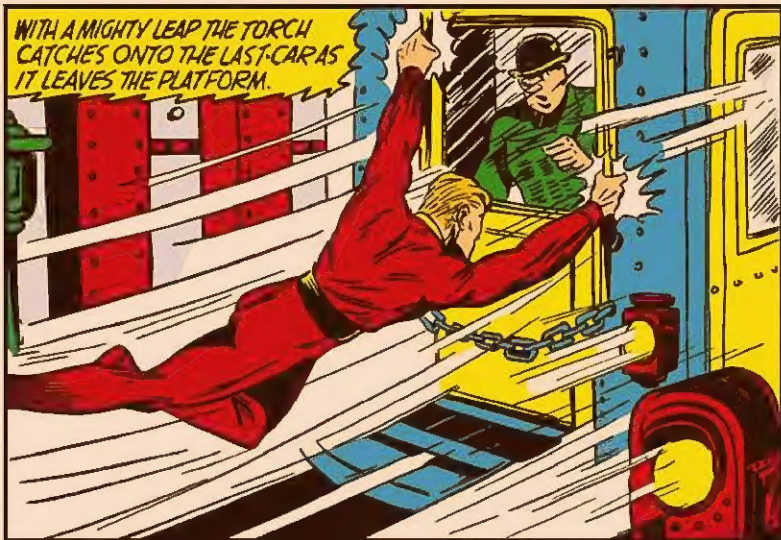


AS THE TORCH REACHES THE SUB-
WAY, THE EXPRESS PULLS OUT.

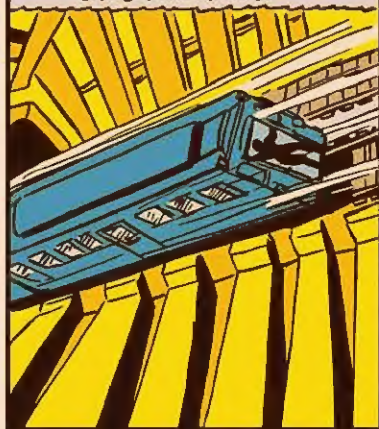
IT'S 5:25? IN FIVE MINUTES THAT
TRAIN WILL BE UNDER THE RIVER
EXTENSION—I MUST STOP IT?



WITH A MIGHTY LEAP THE TORCH CATCHES ONTO THE LAST CAR AS IT LEAVES THE PLATFORM.



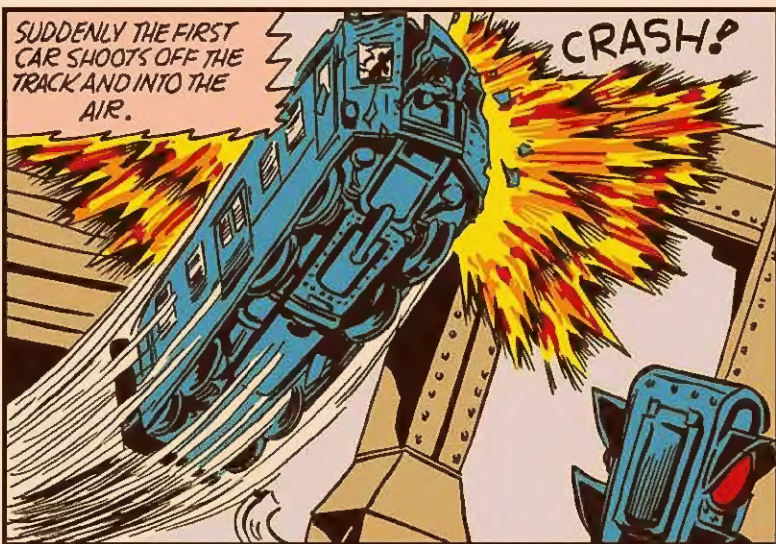
AS THE TORCH CLIMBS INTO THE TRAIN, IT GATHERS SPEED AND ROARS INTO THE TUNNEL UNDER THE RIVER.



I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE MOTORMAN!



SUDDENLY THE FIRST CAR SHOOTS OFF THE TRACK AND INTO THE AIR.



...AND COMES DOWN WITH A MIGHTY CRASH.



FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE TUNNEL MASKED MEN APPEAR, ARMED WITH MACHINE GUNS AND HEAD FOR THE WRECKED TRAIN



ATTA BOY! MOW 'EM DOWN!



WITH THE MACHINE GUNNERS BUSY
OTHER MASKED RAIDER'S
SLING THE FEMALE PASSENGERS
ACROSS THEIR SHOULDERS AND
HEAD DOWN THE TUNNEL.



WHILE INSIDE THE TRAIN —

WHERE AM I? OH, I
REMEMBER — A CRASH!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT
OF HERE!



HAH! HERE COMES
ANOTHER PASSENGER!
NOW FOR A LITTLE
GUN PRACTICE!



THE CAR IS RESTING ON ITS
SIDE. ALL I HAVE TO DO
IS CRAWL OUT THE
WINDOW!



WHAT TH — HIS BODY'S
BLAZING! THE BULLETS
ARE MELTING!
HE'S THE TORCH!



IN A FLASH, THE TORCH WINGS
BY HIS WOULD BE KILLER.



LOOK! IT'S
THE TORCH!

— AND HIS FLAME IS
MELTING THE TUN-
NEL! HE'LL HAVE
TO TURN IT OFF!
THEN WE'VE GOT
HIM CORNERED!



FORCED TO SUBDUE HIS FLAME,
THE TORCH DIVES INTO
THE SUBWAY KILLERS...



...THEN POUNDS THEM WITH
HIS HAMMER-LIKE FISTS.



HOW'S
THAT?



SUDDENLY TWO MIGHTY ARMS
GRASP THE TORCH FROM BEHIND.



JUST HOLD HIM!
OKAY, SUCKER—HERE'S
SOME OF YOUR OWN
MEDICINE!



HE WON'T BOTHER US FOR
A WHILE! THROW HIM WITH
THE OLD MAN 'TIL I DOPE
OUT WHAT TO DO WITH
HIM!

RIGHT,
BOSS!



MUSCULAR ARMS LIFT THE LIMP TORCH AND CARRY HIM THRU AN OPEN DOOR IN THE SIDE OF THE TUNNEL.

C'MON, STEP ON IT, YOU GUYS! THIS WRECK WILL SOON BE DISCOVERED! WE GOT THE ONE WE WANTED! HURRY!

YOU CAN SHUT THE DOOR NOW! EVERYBODY IS INSIDE!

SO YOU'VE FINALLY COME, REISS! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS! HAH! LOOK WHO'S TALKING! WASN'T IT YOUR IDEA? BUT I'VE ADDED IMPROVEMENTS. HERE'S A FRIEND—THE HUMAN TORCH!

LATER!

BLAZES! THAT WAS SOME SOCK ON THE JAW! I'M CHAINED!

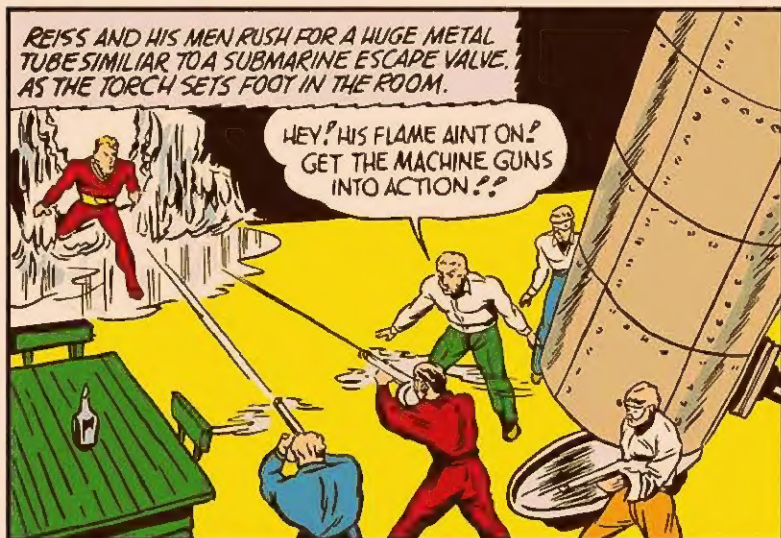
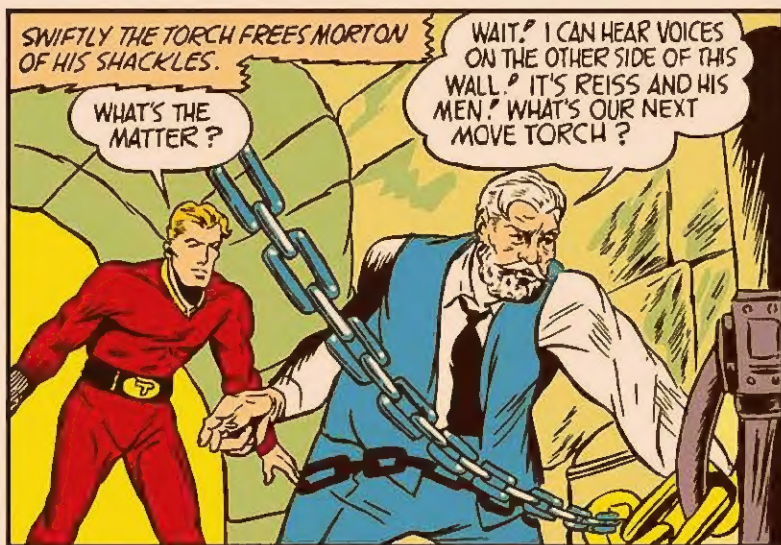
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SON?

WHAT TH— I KNOW YOU! YOU'RE MR MORTON, THE SUBWAY BUILDER!

YES, AND THE MAN TO BLAME FOR THIS TERROR!

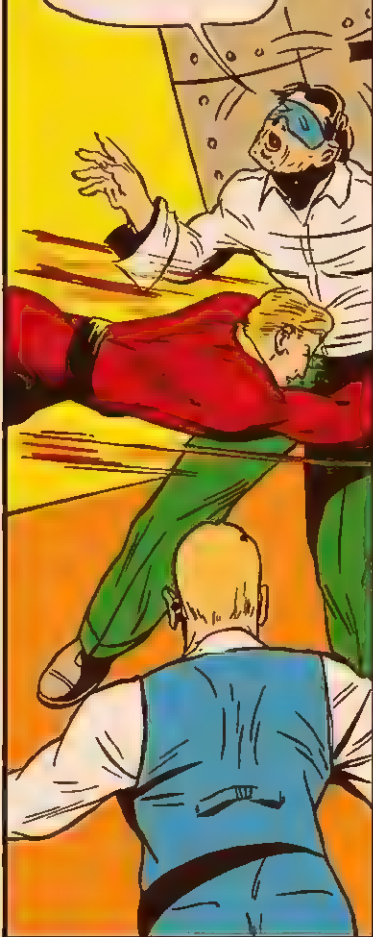
YOU SEE, WHEN THIS SUBWAY WAS BEING BUILT, BOTH OF MY SONS WERE KILLED BY CAVE-INS. THEIR BODIES WERE CRUSHED TO BITS AND WERE BURIED WITHIN THESE WALLS! I BEGAN TO HATE THIS SUBWAY, AND THOUGHT ONLY OF REVENGE! I WAS MAD!

I THEN CONCEIVED THE IDEA OF BUILDING SPECIAL CHAMBERS WHICH I PLANNED TO USE AS A FOCAL POINT TO WRECK TRAINS, SO THAT, IN TIME, THE SUBWAY WOULD BE ABANDONED AND MY SON'S GRAVES NEVER AGAIN DISTURBED BY THE RUMBLE OF SPEEDING TRAINS. BUT —



THE TORCH LEAPS ACROSS THE CHAMBER AND CRASHES INTO THE MEN.

H-H-E'S HOT!!
I-I-I'M BURNING!!



WITH A MIGHTY SWEEP, THE TORCH SWINGS HIS VICTIM OVER HIS HEAD.



OH, SO YOU WANT HIM BACK?
WELL, HERE HE IS!



MY MEN AIN'T NO MATCH FOR HIM?
I'M TAKING IT ON THE LAM!!



TORCH! REISS
JUST WENT
UP THE
ESCAPE TUBE?

I'LL
GET HIM!



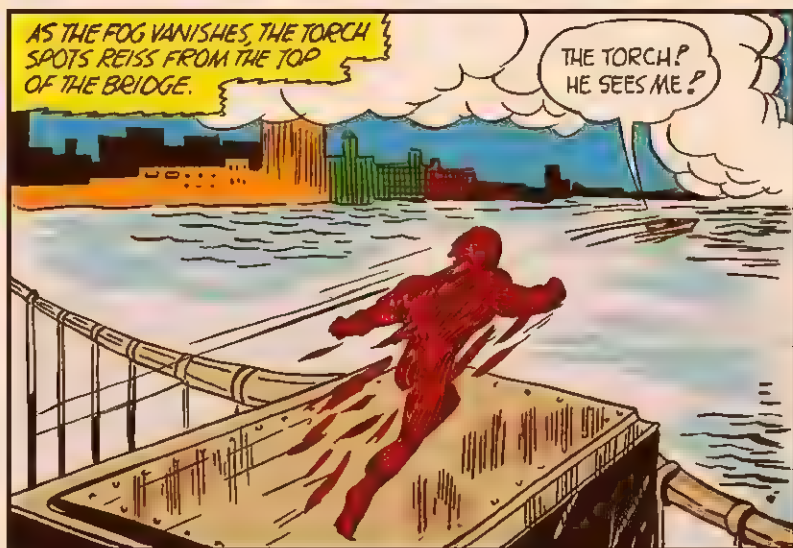
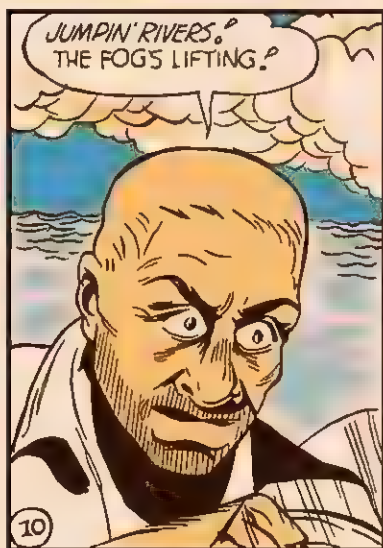
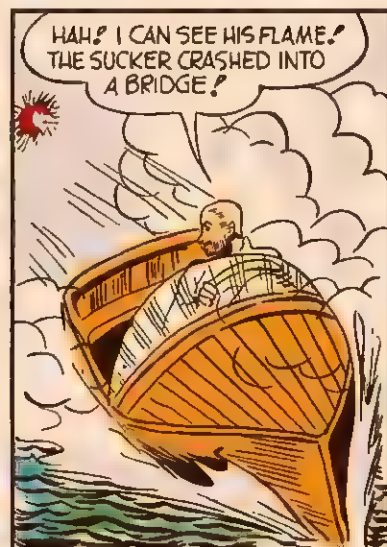
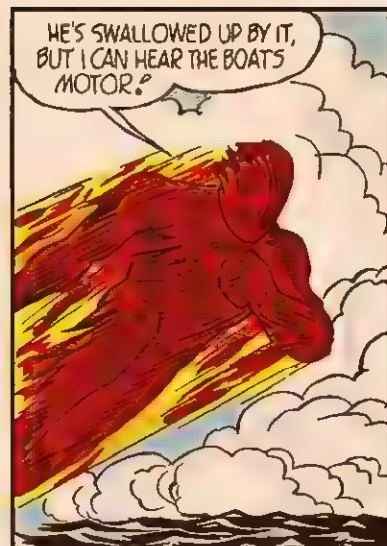
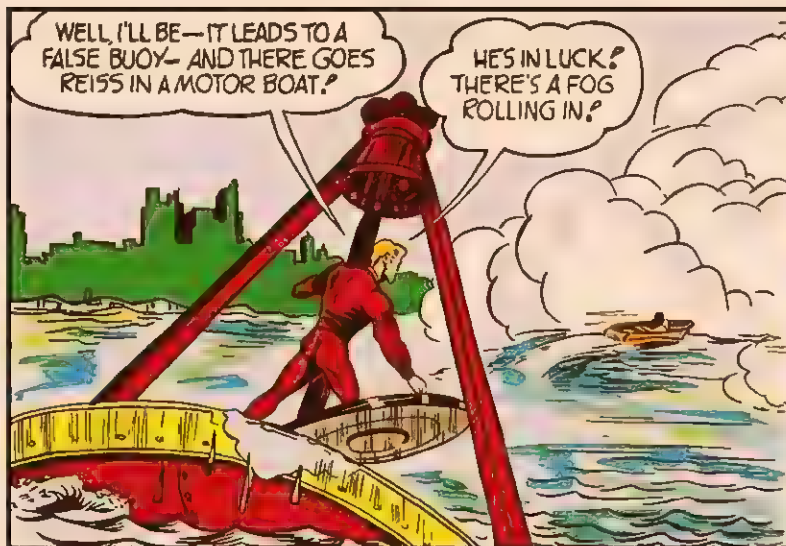
GRAB A MACHINE GUN, MORTON,
AND COVER THESE RATS WHILE
THEY SET THE GIRLS FREE!

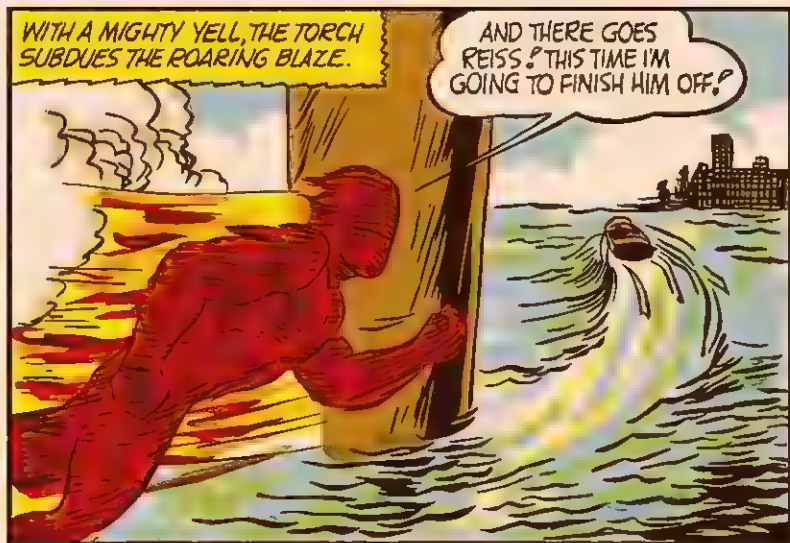
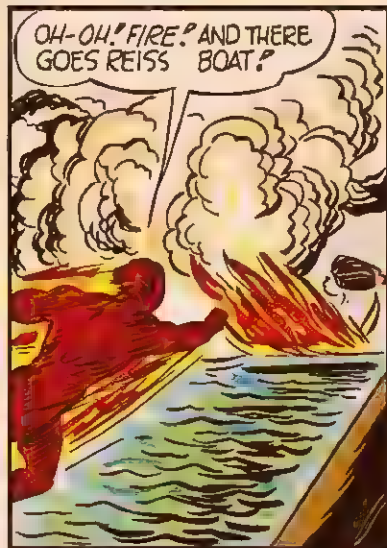
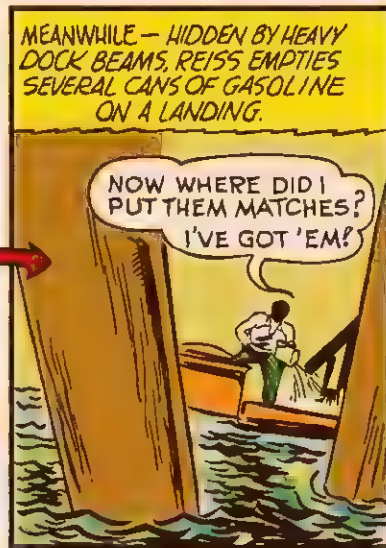
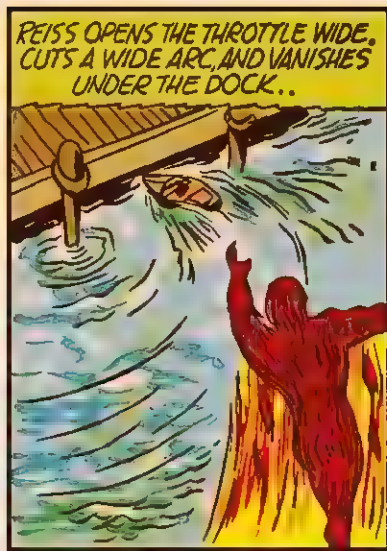
RIGHT!



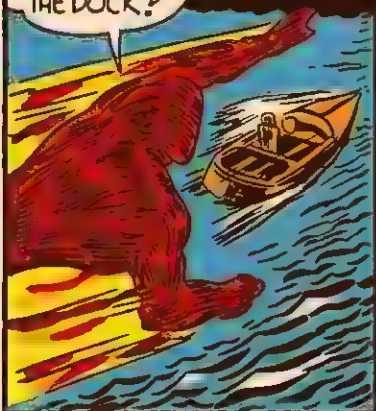
THE TORCH SHOOTS INSIDE THE
TUBE AND SCURRIES UP A SMALL
STEEL LADDER, MELTING IT AS
HE MOVES UP



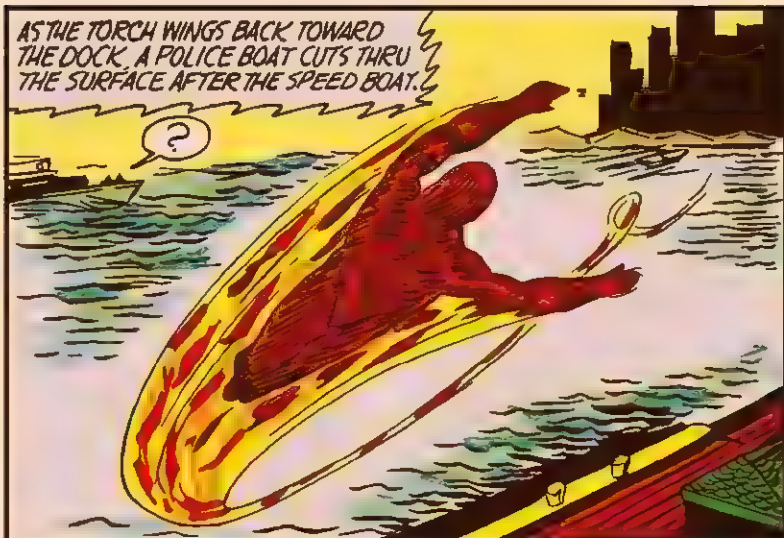




WELL I'LL BE — A DUMMY! REISS
TRICKED ME? HE MUST BE
SOMEWHERE ON
THE DOCK?



AS THE TORCH WINGS BACK TOWARD
THE DOCK, A POLICE BOAT CUTS THRU
THE SURFACE AFTER THE SPEED BOAT.



SO YOU THOUGHT
YOU COULD GET
AWAY WITH IT,
EH, REISS?

YEOW! HE'S BACK!



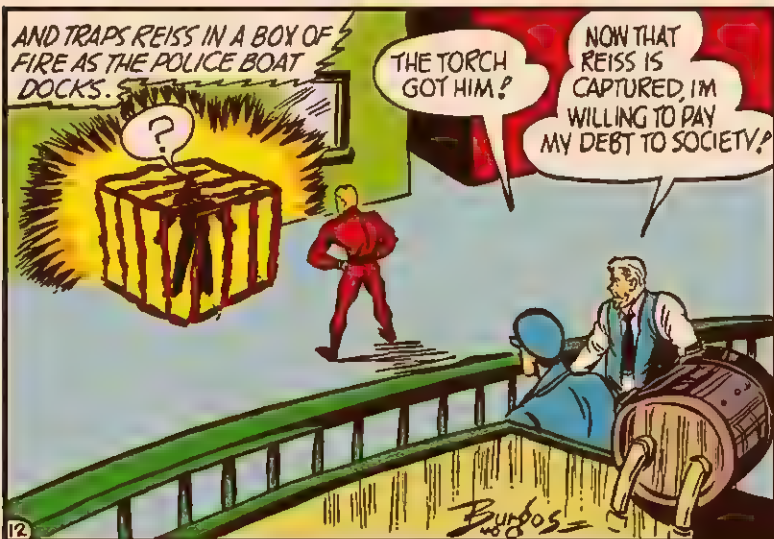
RUNNING AWAY WON'T
HELP. HERE'S SOMETHING
TO REMEMBER ME BY.



THE FIRE BALL SHOOTS PAST
REISS AND BEGINS TO SPREAD.



AND TRAPS REISS IN A BOX OF
FIRE AS THE POLICE BOAT
DOCKS.



THE TORCH
GOT HIM?

NOW THAT
REISS IS
CAPTURED, I'M
WILLING TO PAY
MY DEBT TO SOCIETY?

NEXT
MONTH
ANOTHER
HUMAN TORCH
PICTURE ACTION
STORY.

Prince Namor, the

SUB-MARINER

LOOK, NAMOR THE AMERICANS ARE GONE, AND THERE'S NOT MUCH YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT NOW—UNLESS YOU WANT TO PURSUE THEM AGAIN—AND I HARDLY THINK THAT WORTH WHILE WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW?

I DON'T KNOW, MOTHER. THERE'S NOT MUCH HERE FOR ME. I'M RESTLESS, AND FEEL THAT I SHOULD DO SOMETHING.

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE ANOTHER CRACK AT THIS ADVENTURE GAME, NAMOR? WHY DON'T YOU GO ON A TRIP AGAIN?

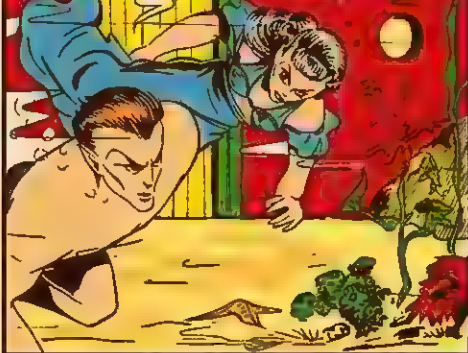
NAMOR, HIS TWO AMERICAN PRISONERS HAVING ESCAPED, TALKS WITH HIS MOTHER AND HIS COUSIN, DORMA, IN HIS MOTHER'S PRIVATE CHAMBER IN THE ICE-CASTLE

By Bill Everett

MAYBE I SHOULD—MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, DORMA—THIS PRESENT WAR SHOULD BE A GOOD FIELD. YES—I'LL GO, BUT I WANT YOU TO ACCOMPANY ME—WE'LL MAKE THIS TRIP TOGETHER!

ALL RIGHT, NAMOR—I'M GAME. WHERE WILL WE GO FIRST? WE MIGHT AS WELL HEAD FOR EUROPE—THAT'S WHERE THE TROUBLE ALL STARTED.

A GOOD IDEA! BUT THIS TIME WE'LL BE PREPARED FOR ANYTHING. LET'S GO OVER TO THE STOREHOUSE AND PICK UP SOME EQUIPMENT.





HERE WE ARE, COUSIN. I THINK TORO, THE TAILOR, WILL HAVE SOMETHING READY FOR US.

GREETINGS, PRINCE!



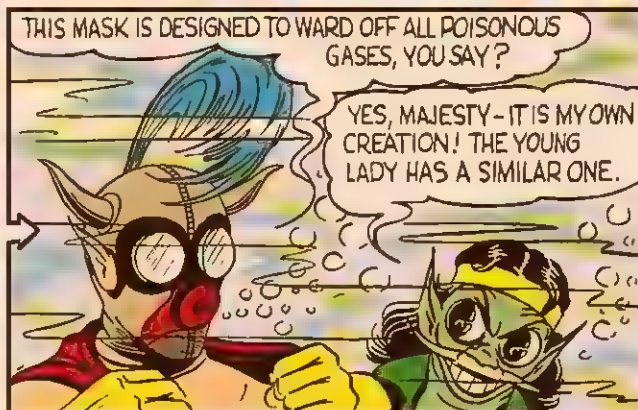
GOOD WORK, TORO - THE NEW UNIFORMS HAVE BEEN COMPLETED, THEN?

YES, MASTER, EVERYTHING IS IN READINESS!



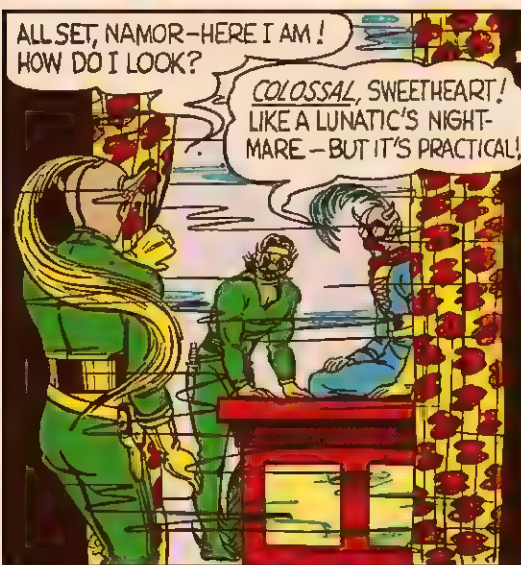
HERE, PRINCESS DORMA, IS YOUR UNIFORM - IT IS METAL CLOTH, PLIABLE, BUT THE STOUTEST ARMOR. TRY IT ON!

THANK YOU, TORO - I SHALL GO INTO THE ANTE-ROOM.



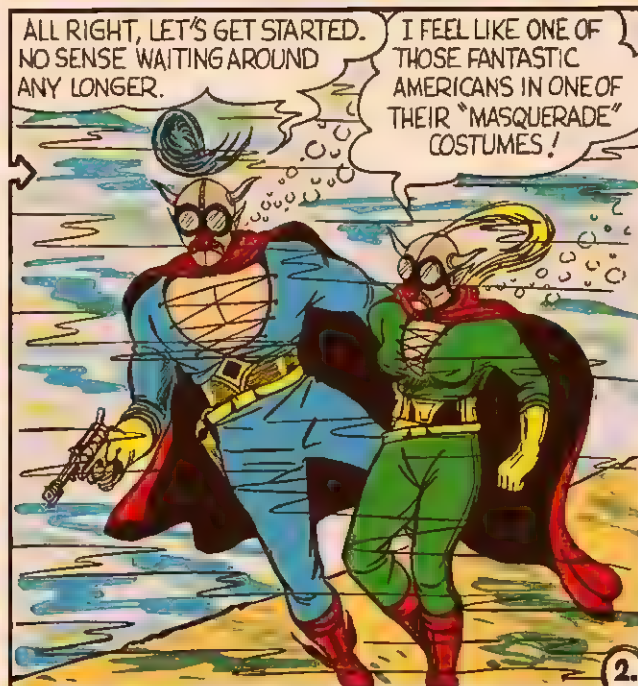
THIS MASK IS DESIGNED TO WARD OFF ALL POISONOUS GASES, YOU SAY?

YES, MAJESTY - IT IS MY OWN CREATION! THE YOUNG LADY HAS A SIMILAR ONE.



ALL SET, NAMOR - HERE I AM! HOW DO I LOOK?

COLOSSAL, SWEETHEART! LIKE A LUNATIC'S NIGHTMARE - BUT IT'S PRACTICAL!



ALL RIGHT, LET'S GET STARTED. NO SENSE WAITING AROUND ANY LONGER.

I FEEL LIKE ONE OF THOSE FANTASTIC AMERICANS IN ONE OF THEIR "MASQUERADE" COSTUMES!

WITHOUT FURTHER ADO, NAMOR AND DORMA LEAVE THE ICE-CASTLE AND STRIKE OUT INTO THE SUB-SEA, HEADING FOR TROUBLE!

NAMOR, WHILE YOU WERE ON YOUR LAST TRIP DOCTOR RIIT OPERATED ON ME, AND NOW, LIKE YOU, I CAN STAY OUT OF WATER INDEFINITELY. MAYBE THAT'LL BE OF SOME HELP TO US, HUH?

SURE WILL, DORMA! GOOD THING YOU THOUGHT OF IT!

A DAY LATER.....

WE'VE TRAVELLED PRETTY FAR, COUSIN - LET'S SEE WHAT'S UP ON THE SURFACE!

AN ISLAND, NAMOR! WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE IS THE NAME OF IT?

I DON'T HAVE ANY IDEA, DORMA, BUT IT LOOKS PEACEFUL ENOUGH - A GOOD PLACE TO TAKE A REST! LET'S GO ASHORE!

MEANWHILE, ON THE ISLAND'S WATCH-TOWER.....

COMMANDER!!!
COME QUICKLY!

IF THIS WERE A THOUSAND YEARS AGO, I'D SAY THEY WERE SEA-SERPENTS! TAKE A LOOK, SIR!

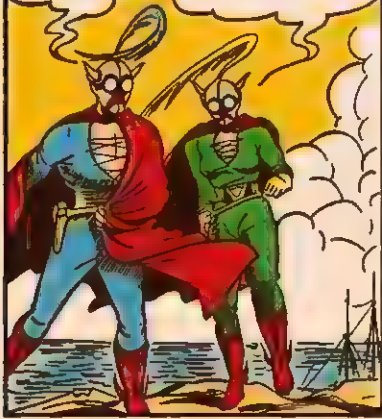
LET'S HAVE THOSE GLASSES!

.... AND ON THE SHORE ROCKS

THESE PEOPLE WILL PROBABLY GIVE US FOOD AND SHELTER FOR A NIGHT

LET'S HAVE A
LOOK AROUND,
DORMA.

I DON'T KNOW, BOY....
I HAVE A PREMON-
ITION ABOUT THIS!



SUDDENLY.....

HALT! WHO GOES
THERE?



SACRE BLEU! WHAT MANNER OF
CREATURES ARE THESE?



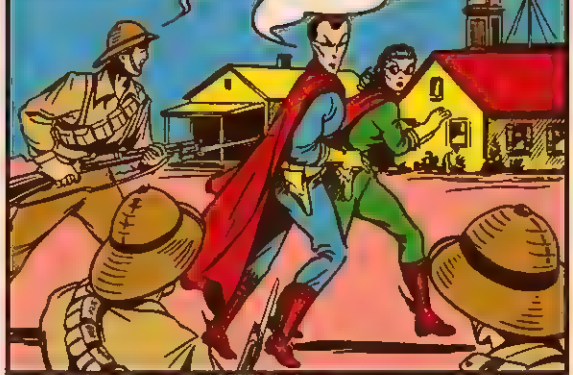
**PUT UP YOUR
HANDS!**

DON'T GET EXCITED, MY FRIEND -
WE WILL GIVE YOU NO TROUBLE!
MY COUSIN AND I ARE JUST PASSING
THROUGH.



OH - SO YOU ARE HUMAN!
THOSE MASKS HAD ME
FOOLED FOR A MOMENT!

NOT ALTOGETHER HUMAN, MY
DEAR SIMPLETON, BUT JUST
ENOUGH NOT TO ENJOY THAT
BAYONET - TAKE
IT EASY!



WHY DON'T YOU BREAK
HIM INTO LITTLE PIECES,
NAMOR? YOU COULD DO IT
WITH ONE HAND!

NO - NOT NOW, DORMA.
HE'S ONLY DOING HIS
DUTY!

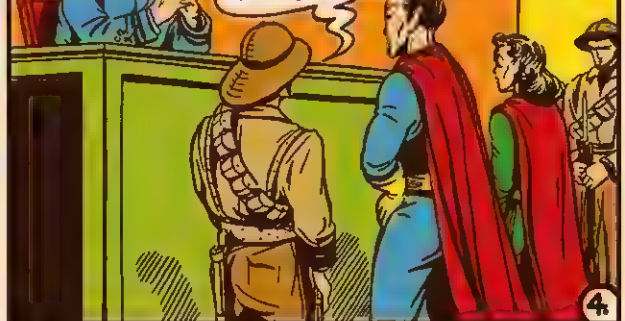
DÉPÊCHEZ! GET
ALONG! THE GOVERNOR
WILL WANT A LOOK AT
YOU TWO!

QU'EST-CE QUE
C'EST?



IN THE OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR

MONSIEUR, THESE STRANGE PEOPLE CAME FROM OUT OF
THE SEA. I HAVE ARRESTED THEM ON SUSPICION OF
ESPIONAGE, SINCE THEY SEEM TO CARRY
NO IDENTIFYING PAPERS. DO YOU WISH
TO QUESTION THEM
NOW?



YES, LIEUTENANT, I DO. WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT—**BUT WAIT! I KNOW!** YOU ARE THE INFAMOUS "SUB-MARINER"! I RECOGNISE YOU FROM PICTURES IN THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



WE ARE ON OUR WAY TO EUROPE TO SEE WHAT WE CAN DO TO HELP BREAK UP THE WAR, YOUR HONOR. WE MERELY STOPPED HERE TO REST.



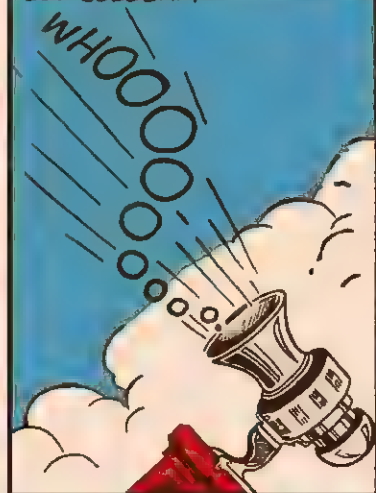
I HAVE READ MUCH ABOUT YOU—BOTH GOOD AND BAD—AND IF YOU WILL PROMISE TO LEAVE THE ISLAND IMMEDIATELY, I THINK I CAN SAFELY RELEASE YOU FROM ARREST. GO NOW!



WELL, LET'S GRAB A BITE AND BE ON OUR WAY, DORMA. THERE'S NOT MUCH WE CAN DO HERE ANYWAY.



BUT SUDDENLY.....



AIR-RAID! TAKE COVER!

TO THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERIES!



QUICKLY, BUT IN ORDERLY FASHION, THE CITIZENS FILE INTO BOMB-PROOF SHELTERS.....

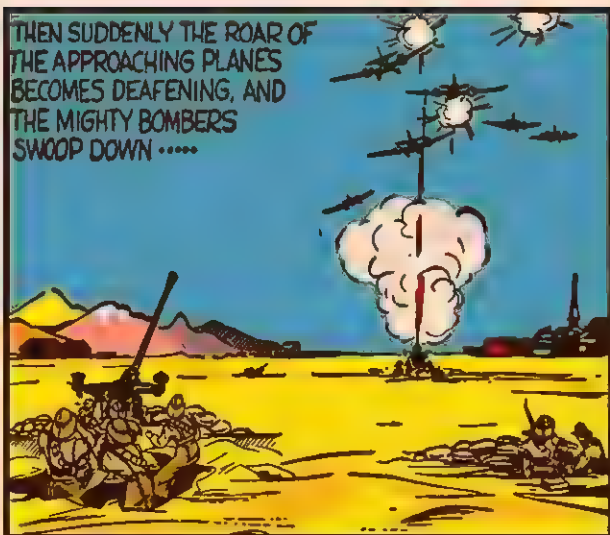
EASY, NOW - DON'T RUSH. THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME!



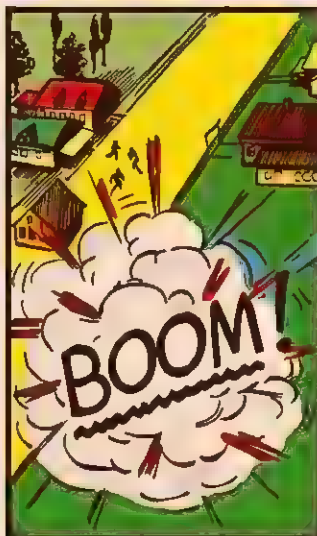
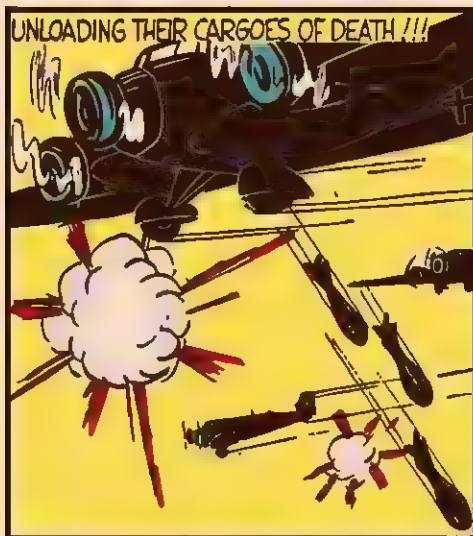
THE MEN OF THE SMALL, BUT POWERFUL ISLAND ARMY
RUSH TO THEIR STATIONS, AND
PREPARE THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT
GUNS FOR ACTION



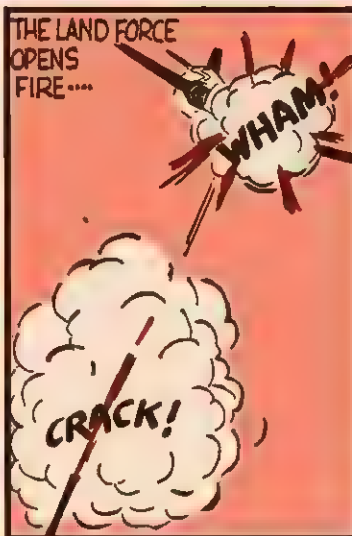
THEN SUDDENLY THE ROAR OF
THE APPROACHING PLANES
BECOMES DEAFENING, AND
THE MIGHTY BOMBERS
SWOOP DOWN



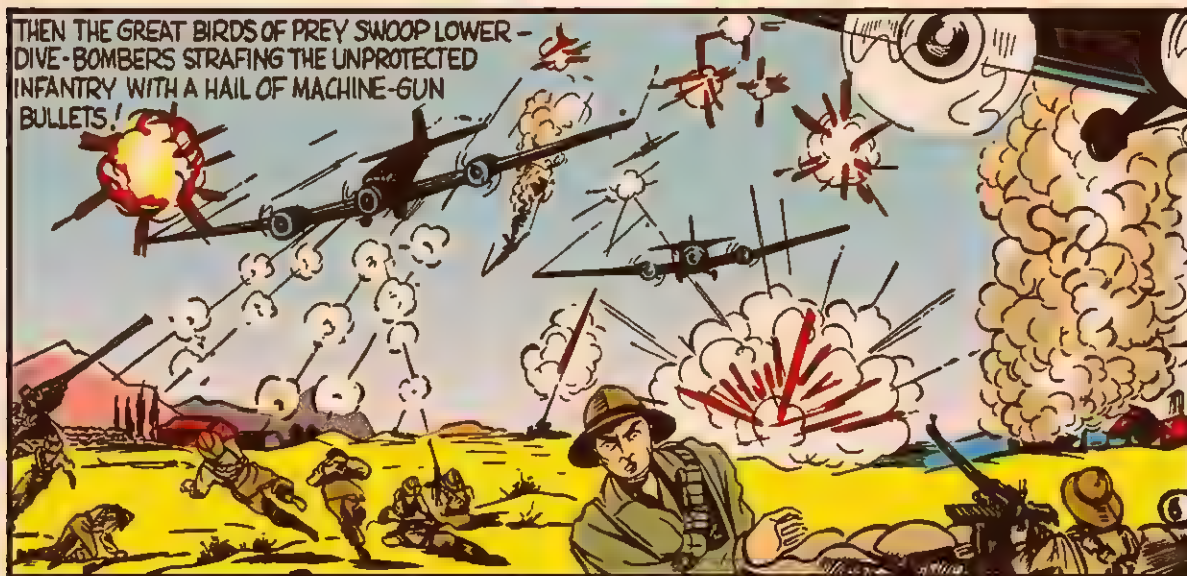
UNLOADING THEIR CARGOES OF DEATH !!!



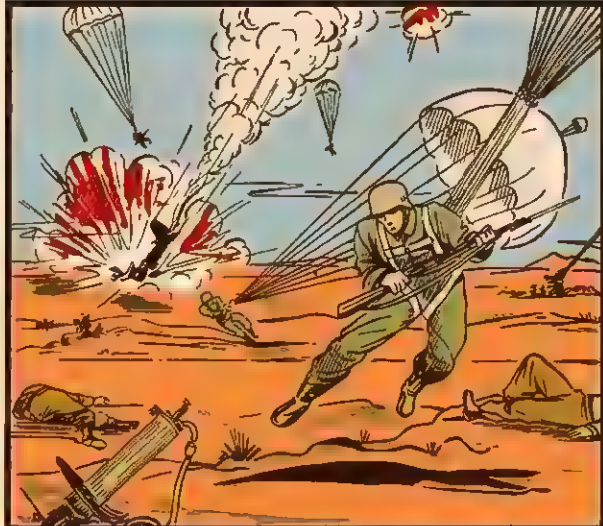
THE LAND FORCE
OPENS
FIRE



THEN THE GREAT BIRDS OF PREY SWOOP LOWER -
DIVE-BOMBERS STRAFING THE UNPROTECTED
INFANTRY WITH A HAIL OF MACHINE-GUN
BULLETS!

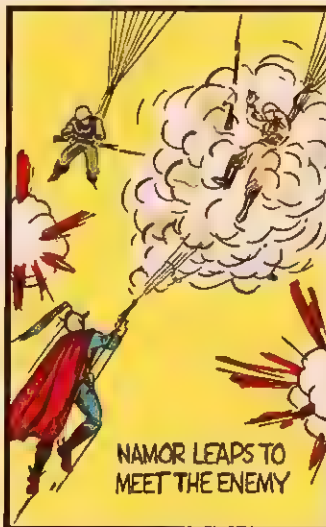


SUDDENLY THEY CLIMB AGAIN - AND THE AIR IS FILLED WITH PARACHUTISTS!



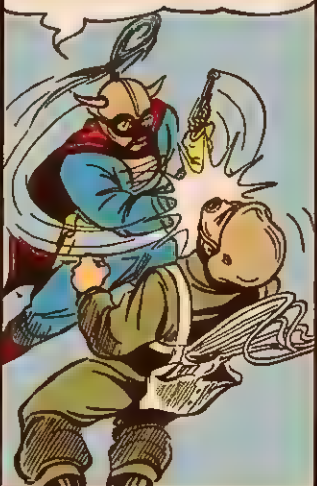
WOW! THIS IS BAD! COME ON, DORMA - LET'S GET TO WORK!

ALL SET, SKIPPER!
I'LL STAY HERE AND
HANDLE SOME OF THESE
BIRDS IN PERSON!



NAMOR LEAPS TO
MEET THE ENEMY

THAT'S TWO OUT OF THE WAY!



AND ON THE GROUND DORMA WADES IN -

YOU LADS ARE KIND OF DIRTY - YOU NEED A
NICE HOT STEAM-BATH, MY
FRIENDS!



AS DORMA BLASTS THE PARACHUTISTS WITH HER STEAM-PISTOL,
NAMOR DARTS TO ONE
OF THE BOMBERS -

SEE WHAT WE CAN
DO WITH THIS BABY!



CLIMBING TO THE COCKPIT, HE SMASHES
ITS GLASS TURRET—

OPEN, SESAME!

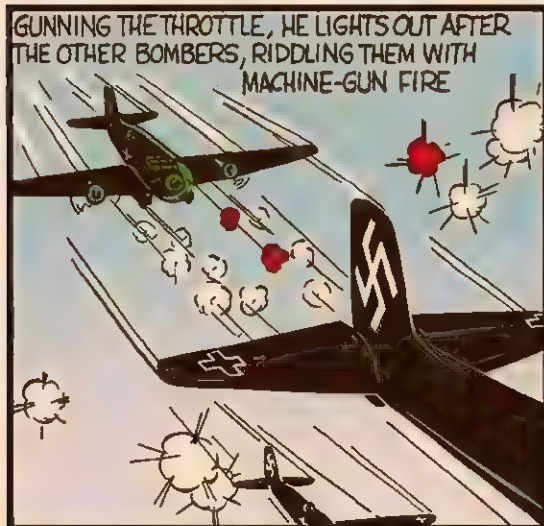
DONNERWETTER!
WAS IST DAS?



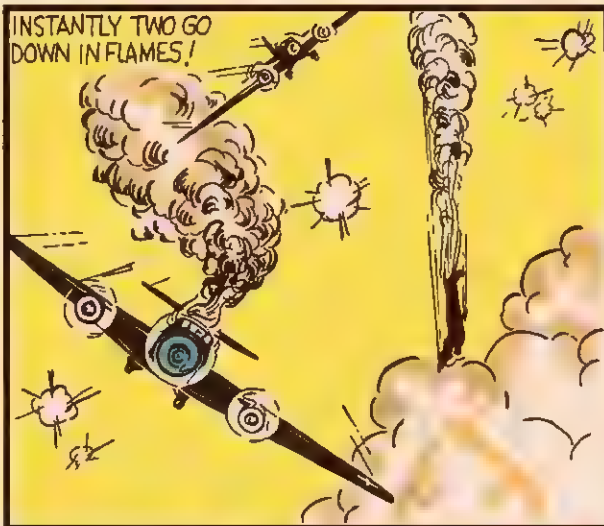
JUST LITTLE OLD ME, FRITZIE! OUT YOU GO, YOU AND YOUR JERRY
PAL—I'M RUNNING THIS SHOW FROM NOW
ON! TA-TA, DEARIE!



GUNNING THE THROTTLE, HE LIGHTS OUT AFTER
THE OTHER BOMBERS, RIDDLING THEM WITH
MACHINE-GUN FIRE



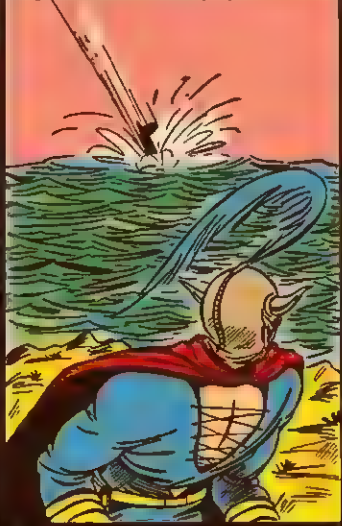
INSTANTLY TWO GO
DOWN IN FLAMES!



WHILE THE GROUND CREWS DEAL WITH
THE OTHERS, HE HEADS HIS CONFISCATED
SHIP OUT TO SEA, AND THEN LEAVES IT—



—TO CRASH UNPILOTED!

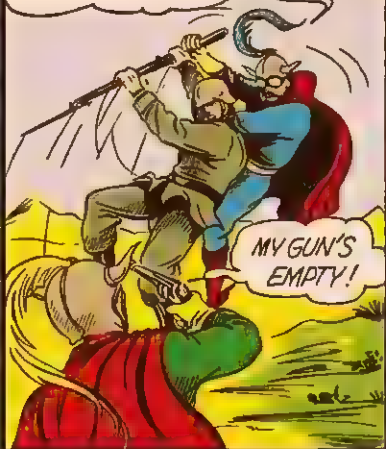


NAMOR RETURNS TO
DORMA IN TIME
TO SEE—

OH, NO YOU
DON'T, CHUM!



ATTACK A LADY, WILL YOU!?! THAT'S
WHAT YOU THINK !!!

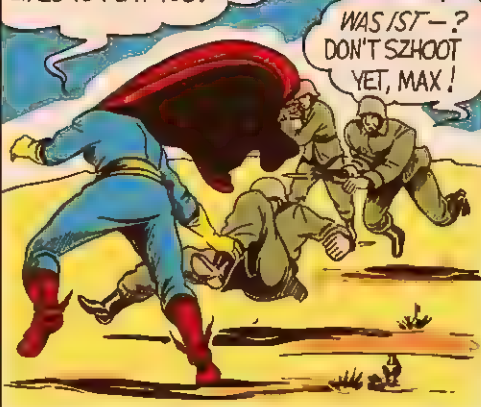


AND HERE'S ONE FOR YOUR
FRIEND ADOLF!



NAMOR REACHES FOR HIS VICTIM AGAIN —

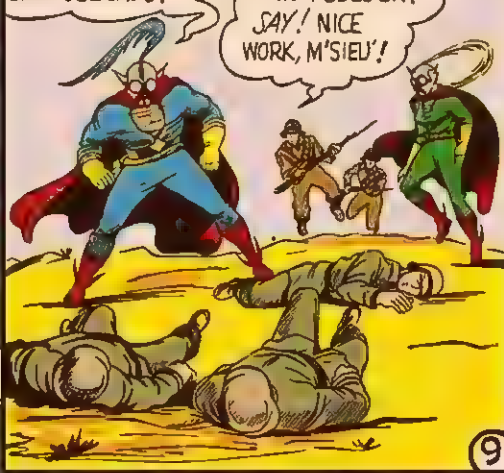
WELL, COME ON, BABIES — PAPA
LIKES TO PLAY TOO!



ONE — TWO — !!!



AND THREE! A TRIPLE
HIT — THAT TAKES CARE
OF THOSE LADS!



WELL, THAT CLEANS UP
ALL THE PARACHUTE
TROOPS, DOESN'T IT,
LIEUTENANT?

I CAN VOUCH
FOR THAT — YES!
BUT WAIT!
ANOTHER PLANE,
NAMOR!

MON DIEU!
I THOUGHT WE
HAD DISPERSED
THEM ALL!





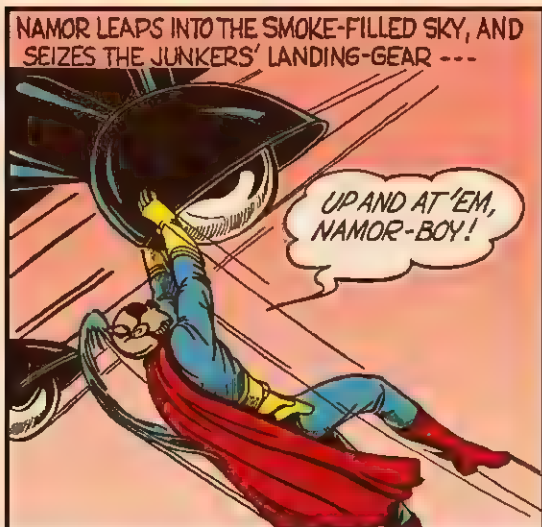
THE BOMBER
ZOOMS LOW
OVER THE
BURNING
TOWN.



WAIT--LOOK! HE'S ON
FIRE--HE'S GOING TO
CRASH!!!

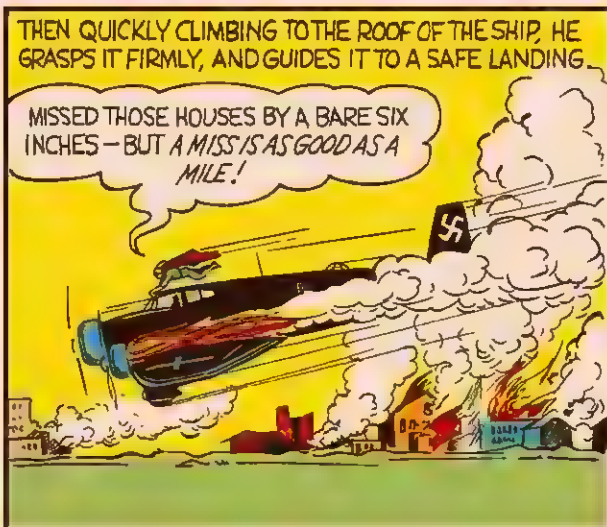


ON SECOND THOUGHT,
NOT IF I CAN HELP
IT! I'D LIKE TO
TALK TO SOME OF
THESE PARACHUTE
SOLDIERS WHILE
THEY'RE STILL
ALIVE!



NAMOR LEAPS INTO THE SMOKE-FILLED SKY, AND
SEIZES THE JUNKERS' LANDING-GEAR ---

UP AND AT 'EM,
NAMOR-BOY!



THEN QUICKLY CLIMBING TO THE ROOF OF THE SHIP, HE
GRASPS IT FIRMLY, AND GUIDES IT TO A SAFE LANDING.

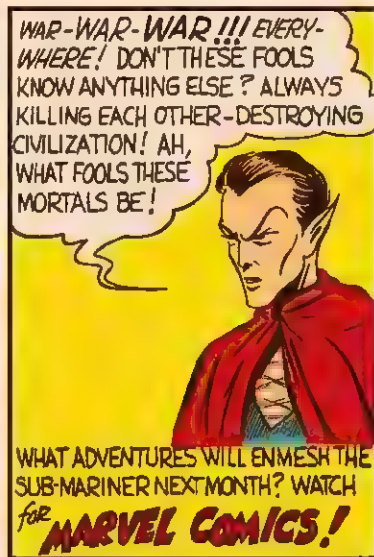
MISSED THOSE HOUSES BY A BARE SIX
INCHES--BUT A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A
MILE!



BEFORE THE INVADING TROOP CAN EMERGE, THE BOMBER IS SURROUNDED
BY AN ISLAND BATTALION, AND THE PARACHUTISTS ARE PRISONERS-OF-WAR!

A CLEAN HAUL, FRANCOIS--THANKS
TO THAT "SUB-MARINER" FREAK!

C'EST BON!



WAR-WAR-WAR!!! EVERY-
WHERE! DON'T THESE FOOLS
KNOW ANYTHING ELSE? ALWAYS
KILLING EACH OTHER--DESTROYING
CIVILIZATION! AH,
WHAT FOOLS THESE
MORTALS BE!

WHAT ADVENTURES WILL ENMESH THE
SUB-MARINER NEXT MONTH? WATCH
FOR **MARVEL COMICS!**

THE VISION



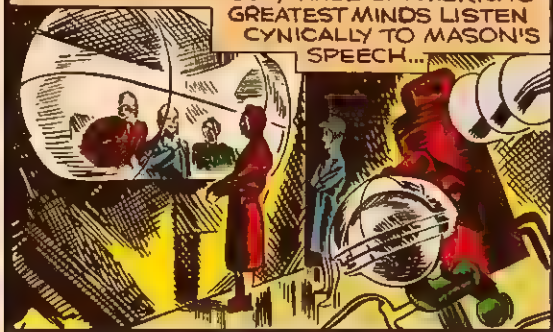
SCIENCE DISCOVERS SMOKE TO BE THE LONG SOUGHT-FOR GATEWAY TO THE SUPER-NATURAL!

PROFESSOR ENOCH MASON'S "DIMENSION SMASHER" BLASTED A PATH INTO THE BEYOND—AND THROUGH THE BREACH THAT ONCE SEPARATED THE MATERIAL WORLD FROM THE SUPERNATURAL STEPPED "THE VISION"!

ALL PERPETRATORS OF EVIL WERE TO RUE THE DAY THE VISION APPEARED, FOR TO THEM HE WAS "NEMESIS" . . . DEATH AND DISASTER BEFELL ALL ENEMIES OF SOCIETY WHO BEHELD HIM IN HIS TRUE FORM!!!

THOUGH SMOKE HAS RELEASED THE VISION FROM THE SUPER-NATURAL WORLD, IT IS ALSO NEEDED TO RELEASE HIM FROM THIS WORLD OF OURS, AND A LACK OF THIS SUBSTANCE WILL TRAP HIM AS EFFECTIVELY AS IRON BARS WILL TRAP A MORTAL!

BEHIND THE INFRA-GLASS WINDOW OF AN OBSERVATION ROOM IN THE LABORATORY OF DOCTOR ENOCH MASON, THREE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST MINDS LISTEN CYNICALLY TO MASON'S SPEECH...

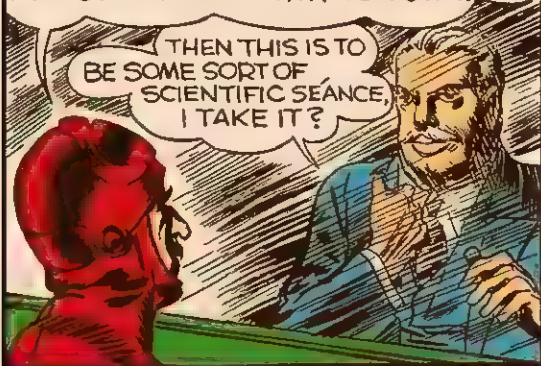


—AND SO, GENTLEMEN, WITH THE AID OF MODERN SCIENCE I HAVE ACCOMPLISHED WHAT STUDENTS OF THE OCCULT HAVE STRIVED, BUT FAILED, TO REACH... AFTER TWENTY FIVE YEARS OF EXPERIMENTATION, I'VE FINALLY FOUND THE SOLUTION TO THE SO-CALLED BEYOND!



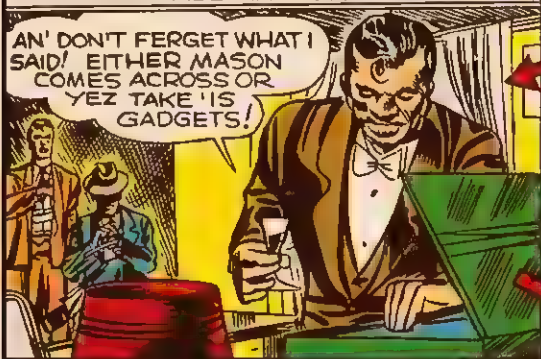
GENTLEMEN, THE PURPOSE OF MY DEMONSTRATION, TONIGHT, IS TO PROVE THAT THE SO-CALLED GHOSTS AND SPIRITS ARE ACTUALLY INHABITANTS OF WORLDS AND UNIVERSES WHOSE DIMENSIONAL SPHERES ARE CO-EXISTENT WITH OUR OWN.

THEN THIS IS TO BE SOME SORT OF SCIENTIFIC SEANCE, I TAKE IT?



MEANWHILE, IN THE LUXURIOUS ROOMS OF BRAINS' BORELLI, CRIME KING OF LINCOLN CITY, TWO GUNMEN RECEIVE A GRIM ASSIGNMENT...

AN' DON'T FORGET WHAT I SAID! EITHER MASON COMES ACROSS OR YEZ TAKE 'IS GADGETS!



A GRUDGE, QUEENIE. I GOT IT IN FER MASON'S WHOLE HIGHBROW KIND! EVEN AS A KID, I USED TA HATE 'EM. THEY LAUGHED AT ME IN SCHOOL-- CALLED ME DUMB! LATER THERE WAS A GIRL-- SHE CALLED ME DOWN 'CUZ I WUZ TOO ROUGH AND IGNORANT-- TOO DUMB TO EVER AMOUNT TO ANYTHING--



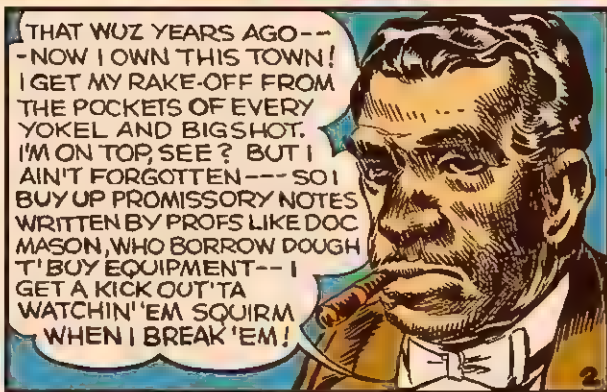
CALL IT THAT IF YOU WISH, MARKHAM. MY DIMENSION SMASHER SHALL BLAST AN ENTRANCE IN THE FORCE FILM THAT SEPARATES OUR WORLD FROM THOSE UNIVERSES BEYOND-- AN ENTRANCE LARGE ENOUGH TO PERMIT ONE OF THESE HYPER-DIMENSIONAL INTELLIGENCES TO CROSS INTO OUR MATERIAL PLANE!



WHAT'VE YA GOT AGAINST THIS OLD GUY, BRAINS?



THAT WUZ YEARS AGO-- NOW I OWN THIS TOWN! I GET MY RAKE-OFF FROM THE POCKETS OF EVERY YOKEL AND BIGSHOT. I'M ON TOP, SEE? BUT I AIN'T FORGOTTEN--- SO I BUY UP PROMISSORY NOTES WRITTEN BY PROFS LIKE DOC MASON, WHO BORROW DOUGH T' BUY EQUIPMENT-- I GET A KICK OUT 'TA WATCHIN' 'EM SQUIRM WHEN I BREAK 'EM!



BORELLI'S THUGS ARRIVE AT DOCTOR MASON'S HOUSE..

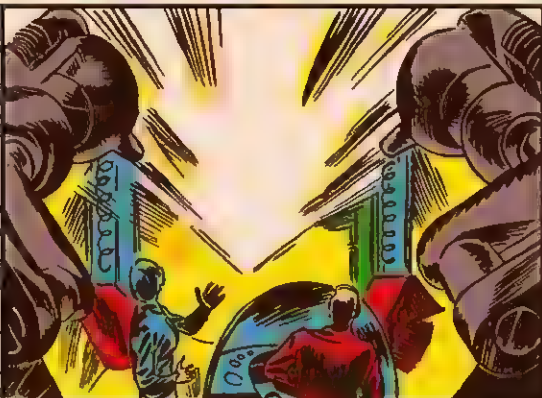
I'VE SORRY, GENNIMUN,
DE DOCTOR IS POW'FUL
BUSY, EXPERUHMINTIN'.
NOW IF Y'ALL COULD
CUM BACK T'MORRA-



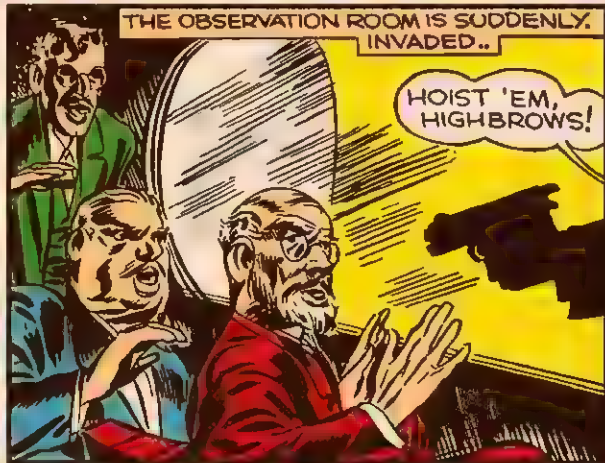
WE WANNA
SEE THE
OLD DUCK
NOW!
GET MOVIN'!



WE'RE NOT PLAYIN',
MOSE! TAKE US TO
HIS LAB - AND NO
TRICKS - GET IT?



IN HIS LABORATORY, ENOCH MASON'S ASSAULT
ON THE UNKNOWN HAS BEGUN!! HIS
DIMENSION SMASHER UNLOOSES TITANIC
FORCES WHICH BATTER WITH MERCILESS
FURY AT THE INTANGIBLE WALL MASON
SEEKS TO PENETRATE..



THE OBSERVATION ROOM IS SUDDENLY
INVADED..

HOIST 'EM,
HIGHBROWS!



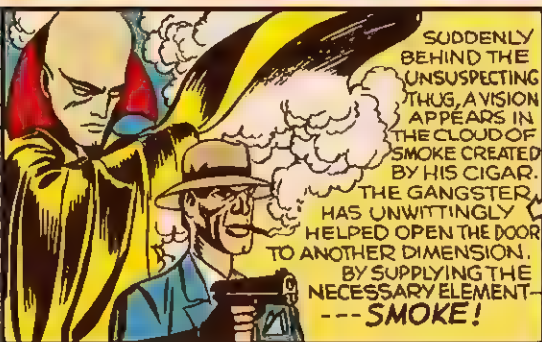
OKAY, DOC! STOP
DAT MACHINE! YA
CAN'T USE IT UNLESS
YA PAY UP WHAT'CHA
OWE BORELLI!

YOU'RE MAD! I CAN'T
STOP NOW. I'VE
WAITED TWENTY
FIVE YEARS FOR
THIS MOMENT!



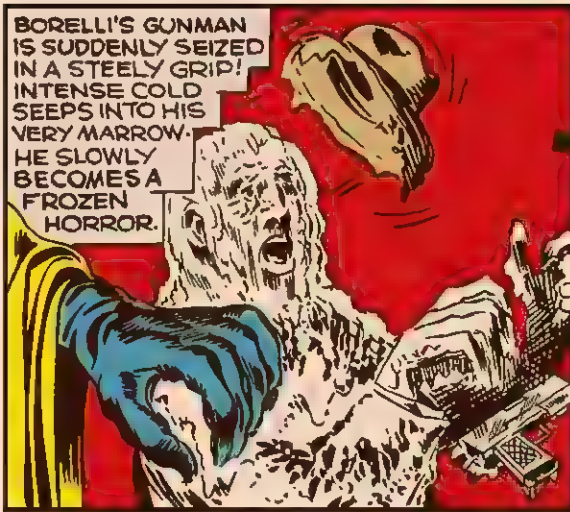
Y-YOU CAN'T DO
THIS! MY YEARS
OF RESEARCH - HARD
WORK - ARE ALL IN
THIS DEMONSTRATION.
NOT NOW -
-YOU MUST
WAIT!

WON'T PAY, HUH?
OKAY! DEN LOUIE AN' ME
CARRY OUT ORDERS.
WE'RE GONNA
BLOW DIS JOINT
WIT' ALL YOU
MONKIES IN IT
SKY HIGH!



SUDDENLY
BEHIND THE
UNSUSPECTING
THUG, A VISION
APPEARS IN
THE CLOUD OF
SMOKE CREATED
BY HIS CIGAR.
THE GANGSTER
HAS UNWITTINGLY
HELPED OPEN THE DOOR
TO ANOTHER DIMENSION.
BY SUPPLYING THE
NECESSARY ELEMENT -
--- SMOKE!

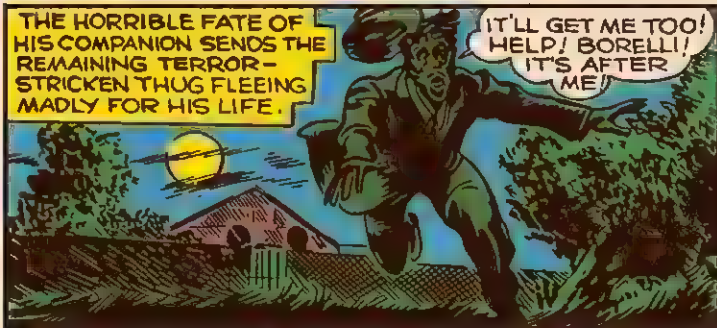
BORELLI'S GUNMAN
IS SUDDENLY SEIZED
IN A STEELY GRIP!
INTENSE COLD
SEEPS INTO HIS
VERY MARROW.
HE SLOWLY
BECOMES A
FROZEN
HORROR.



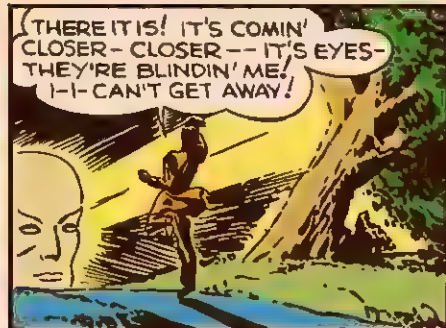
I AM GOING FOR THE
OTHER EVIL ONE.
HE IS FATED TO
DIE! I SHALL
RETURN SOON!



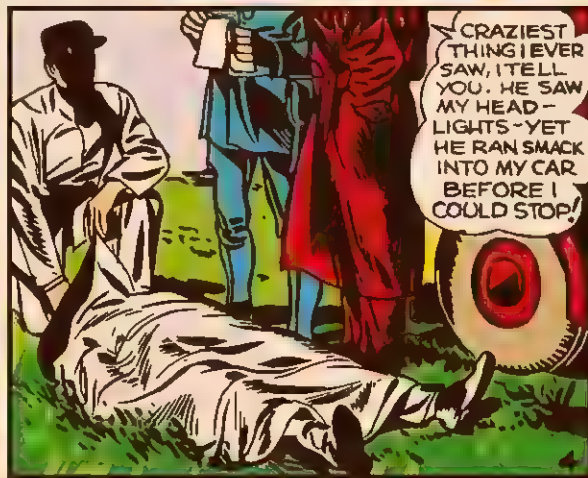
THE HORRIBLE FATE OF
HIS COMPANION SENDS THE
REMAINING TERROR-
STRICKEN THUG FLEEING
MADLY FOR HIS LIFE.



THERE IT IS! IT'S COMIN'
CLOSER - CLOSER -- IT'S EYES-
THEY'RE BLINDIN' ME!
I-I-CAN'T GET AWAY!

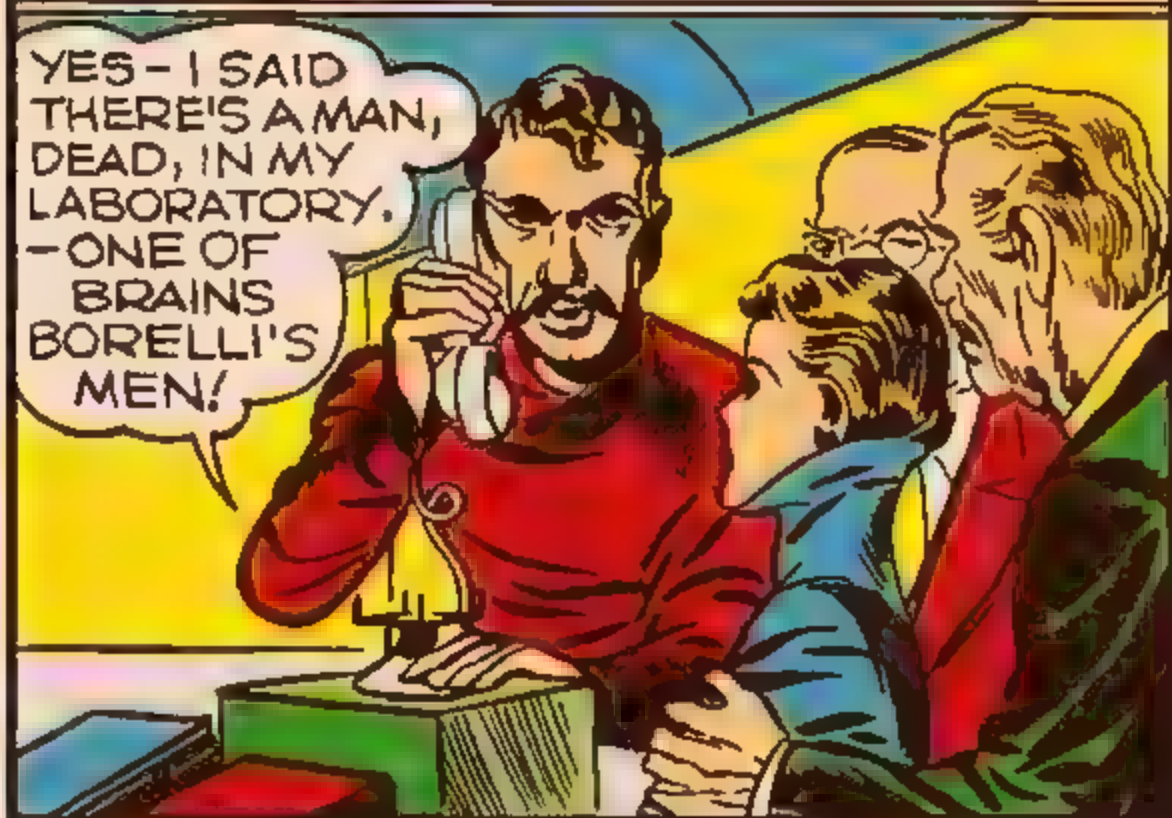


CRAZIEST
THING I EVER
SAW, I TELL
YOU. HE SAW
MY HEAD -
LIGHTS - YET
HE RAN SMACK
INTO MY CAR.
BEFORE I
COULD STOP!



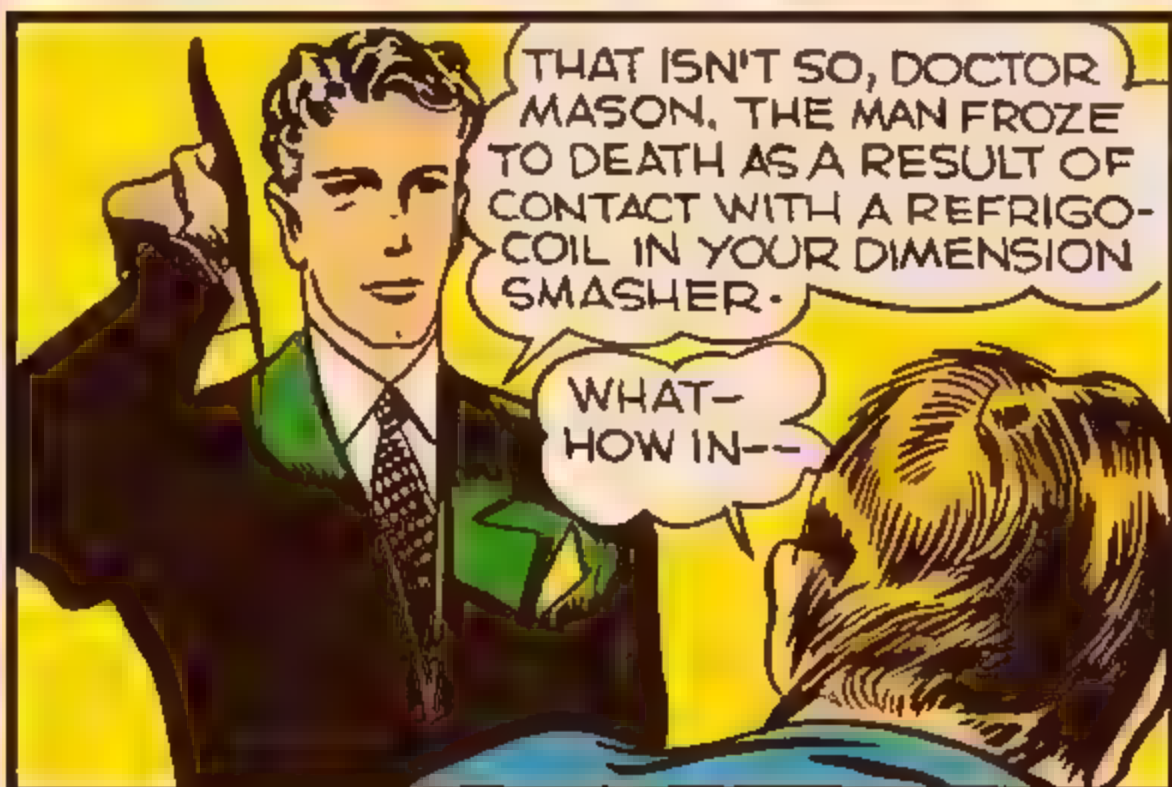
SHAKEN IN MIND AND BODY BY THE UTTERLY FANTASTIC OCCURRENCES IN HIS LABORATORY, ENOCH MASON NOTIFIES THE POLICE ABOUT THE DEATH OF BORELLI'S FROZEN GUNMAN!

YES - I SAID THERE'S A MAN, DEAD, IN MY LABORATORY. - ONE OF BORELLI'S MEN!



THAT ISN'T SO, DOCTOR MASON. THE MAN FROZE TO DEATH AS A RESULT OF CONTACT WITH A REFRIGO-COIL IN YOUR DIMENSION SMASHER.

WHAT-HOW IN--



WHAT CAN I TELL THEM, GENTLEMEN? YOU ALL SAW WHAT HAPPENED, YET WHO'D BELIEVE OUR STORY? HOW CAN I TELL THEM THAT HIS DEATH WAS CAUSED BY AN ENTITY FROM ANOTHER WORLD!



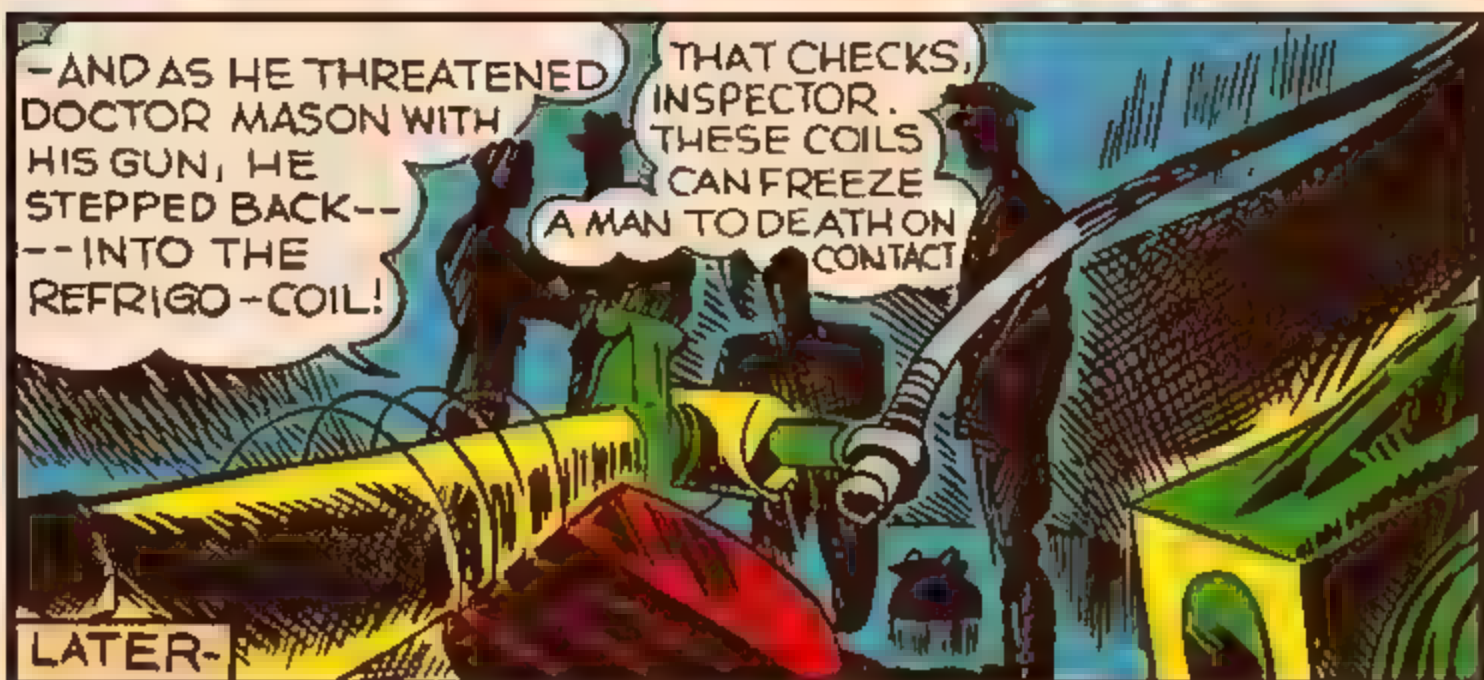
WHO ARE YOU? HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?

YOU LET ME IN! IT IS I AARKUS, IN MATERIAL SHAPE. ONLY THOSE APPROACHING DEATH CAN SEE ME IN MY TRUE FORM AS THE VISION!



-AND AS HE THREATENED DOCTOR MASON WITH HIS GUN, HE STEPPED BACK-- --INTO THE REFRIGO-COIL!

THAT CHECKS, INSPECTOR. THESE COILS CAN FREEZE A MAN TO DEATH ON CONTACT

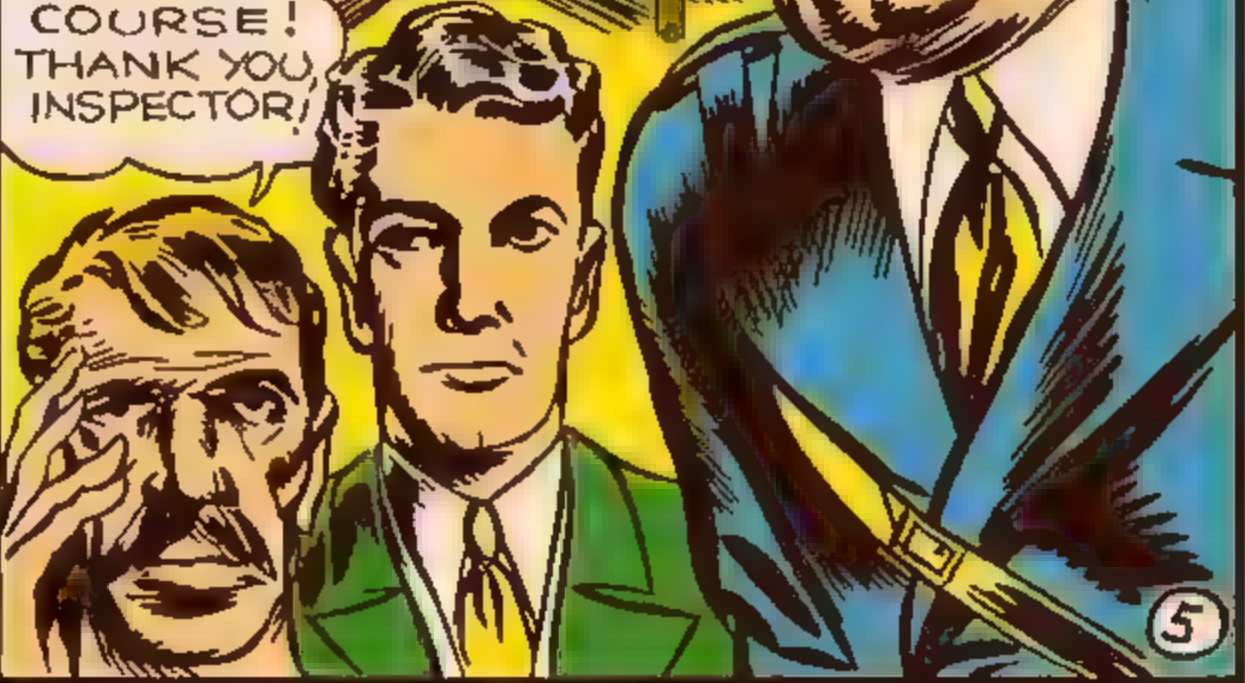


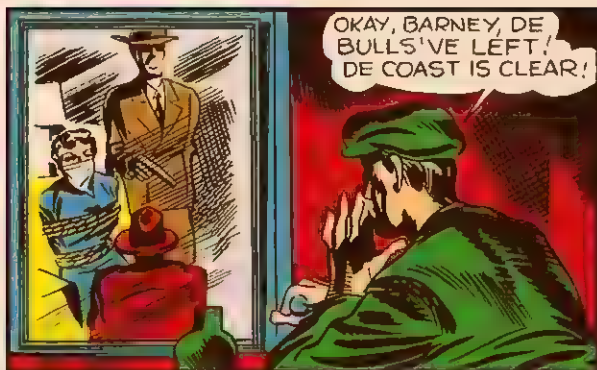
LATER-

SHEILA MASON, MEANWHILE, RELAXES IN AN ANTE ROOM UNAWARE OF THE MENACING FIGURE ENTERING THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW.

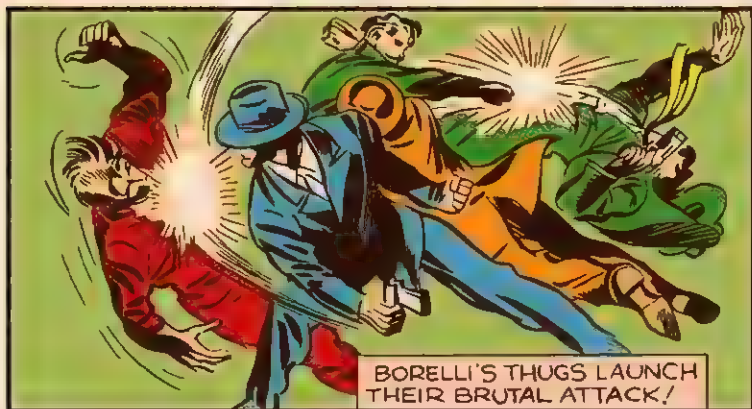
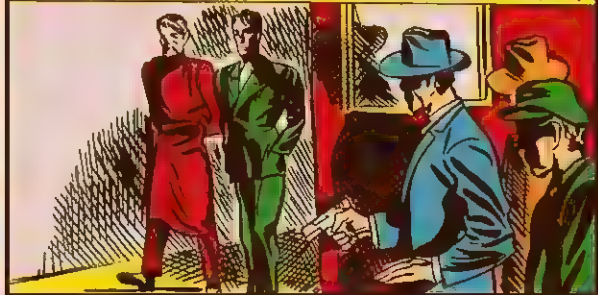


UH-H-YES-YES-OF COURSE! THANK YOU, INSPECTOR!





STEALTHILY, THE MOBSTERS STALK THE TWO UNSUSPECTING FIGURES APPROACHING WITHIN RANGE OF THE GANG'S WELL PREPARED ATTACK!



DOCTOR MASON IS SURPRISED AND BEATEN INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS! BUT THE YOUNGER MAN IS A MORE DIFFICULT PROBLEM!



PINIONED BY WEIGHT OF NUMBERS, THE YOUNG MAN IS HELPLESS AGAINST THE VICIOUS DOWNSWING OF A LEAD PIPE....



THE VISION STRUGGLES BACK TO HIS SENSES TO FIND HIS HANDS SECURELY BOUND....
 BESIDE HIM LIES DOCTOR MASON'S INERT FORM WHILE SHEILA MASON LIES TRUSSED UP IN THE SAME MANNER....

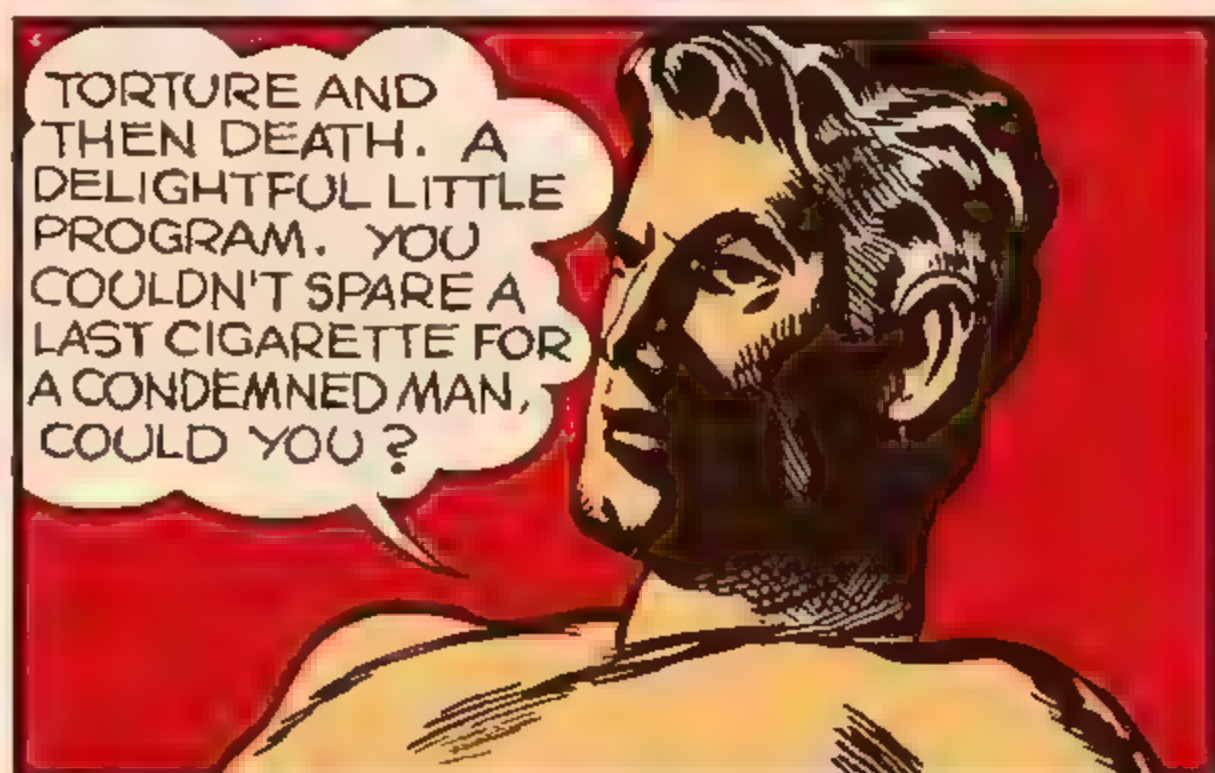


COMING TO, EH? WELL, TOUGH GUY, WE'LL SEE HOW TOUGH YOU ARE WHEN WE'RE FINISHED WITH YA!

YOU MONKIES HAVE CAUSED ME A LOTTA TROUBLE. SO YER GOIN' OUT THE HARD WAY!



TORTURE AND THEN DEATH. A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE PROGRAM. YOU COULDN'T SPARE A LAST CIGARETTE FOR A CONDEMNED MAN, COULD YOU?



NEVER LET IT BE SAID DAT BORELLI DOESN'T TREAT HIS ER-GUESTS WELL. HERE, I'LL LIGHT IT FER YA MESELF!



BORELLI'S SMUG SARCASM GIVES WAY TO SURPRISE AND TERROR AS HIS HELPLESS PRISONER VANISHES BEHIND AN EXPANDING CLOUD OF SMOKE WHICH SUDDENLY BILLOWS FROM THE LIGHTED CIGARETTE.

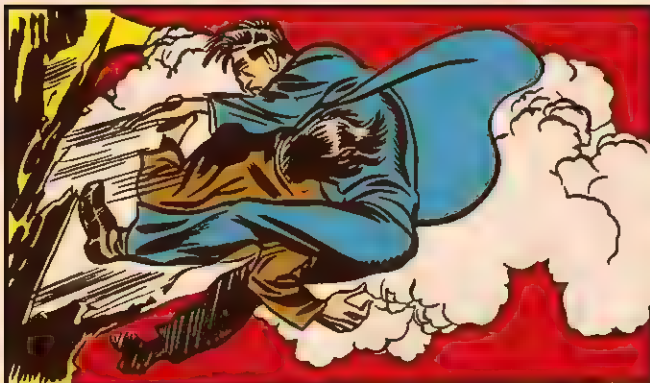


THE DENSE, SWIRLING VAPORS ENGULF THE COUGHING SPUTTERING GANG LEADER WHO STAGGERS ABOUT DRUNKENLY.

BORELLI'S PANIC MOUNTS AS HIS STREAMING EYES SQUINT IN HORROR AND DISBELIEF AT THE WEIRD NIGHTMARISH VISION RISING FROM THE SMOKE'S SEETHING DEPTHS!



TONY! BOMBER! I-IT'S GOT ME! HELP! HELP!



ONE OF BORELLI'S MOBSTERS IS SWEEPED OFF HIS FEET BY THE HURLING BODY OF HIS LEADER WHICH COMES CRASHING THROUGH THE DOOR ...



NO YOU DON'T, PAL!
HELP! GHOSTS!

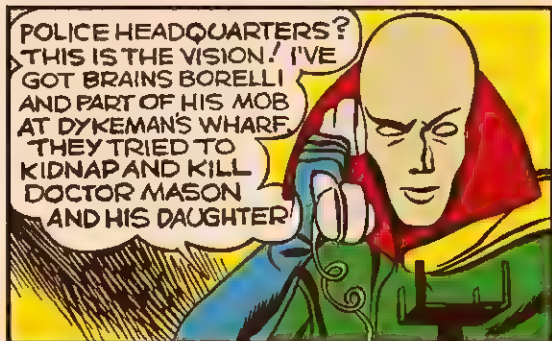
THE VISION FOLLOWS AND—



SUBDUING THE GANGSTERS, THE VISION TRUSSES THEM UP WITH THEIR OWN TROUSERS.



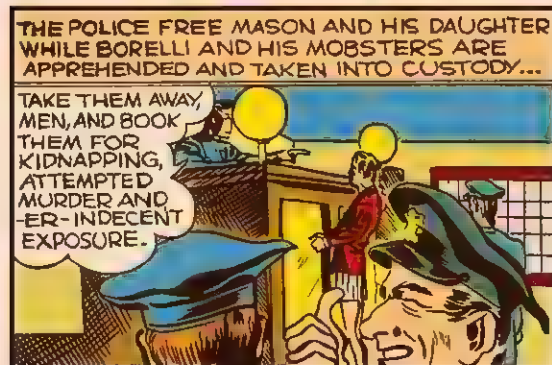
I HATE TO EMBARRASS YOU, BOYS, BUT THERE'S A SCARCITY OF ROPE



POLICE HEADQUARTERS?
THIS IS THE VISION! I'VE GOT BRAINS BORELLI AND PART OF HIS MOB AT DYKEMAN'S WHARF. THEY TRIED TO KIDNAP AND KILL DOCTOR MASON AND HIS DAUGHTER



WITH THE ARRIVAL OF THE POLICE, THE VISION FADES INTO HIS OWN DIMENSION IN A THICK PALLOF SMOKE



THE POLICE FREE MASON AND HIS DAUGHTER WHILE BORELLI AND HIS MOBSTERS ARE APPREHENDED AND TAKEN INTO CUSTODY...

TAKE THEM AWAY, MEN, AND BOOK THEM FOR KIDNAPPING, ATTEMPTED MURDER AND ER- INDECENT EXPOSURE.



DO YOU THINK THE VISION WILL RETURN, FATHER?

AT DOCTOR MASON'S HOUSE.

YES, I THINK SO! HE'LL RETURN TO CONTINUE HIS FIGHT AGAINST EVIL!

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE VISION IN OUR NEXT EXCITING ISSUE... 8

TERRY VANCE

BY RAY GILL
AND BOB OKSNER

SAY, THAT
OLD FELLOW IS
PRETTY GOOD...
ISN'T HE? IT LOOKS
JUST LIKE THE
PRICELESS OLD
MASTER!

YEAH...ALMOST
TOO GOOD!

TERRY VANCE, THE YOUNG DETECTIVE,
HAS ACCOMPANIED HIS NEWSPAPERMAN
FRIEND, DEADLINE DAWSON, TO THE
OPENING OF A FINE ART EXHIBITION...

HERE...DON'T DO THAT!
THOSE PAINTINGS ARE
PRICELESS--THEY
MUSTN'T BE
TOUCHED!

OH...
I'M SORRY!

TERRY TAKES A PHOTO OF THE
PAINTING WITH HIS TINY, CON-
CEALED CANDID CAMERA!

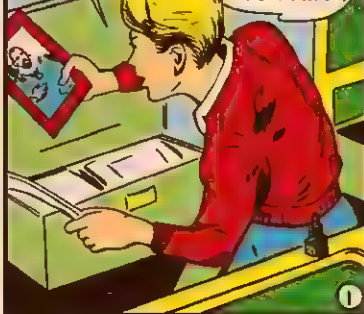
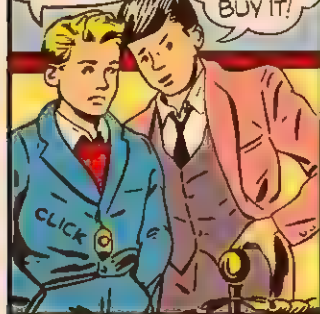
HEY--DEADLINE...
I'M GOING TO TAKE
A SHOT OF THAT
OIL...IT LOOKS
FUNNY TO ME--

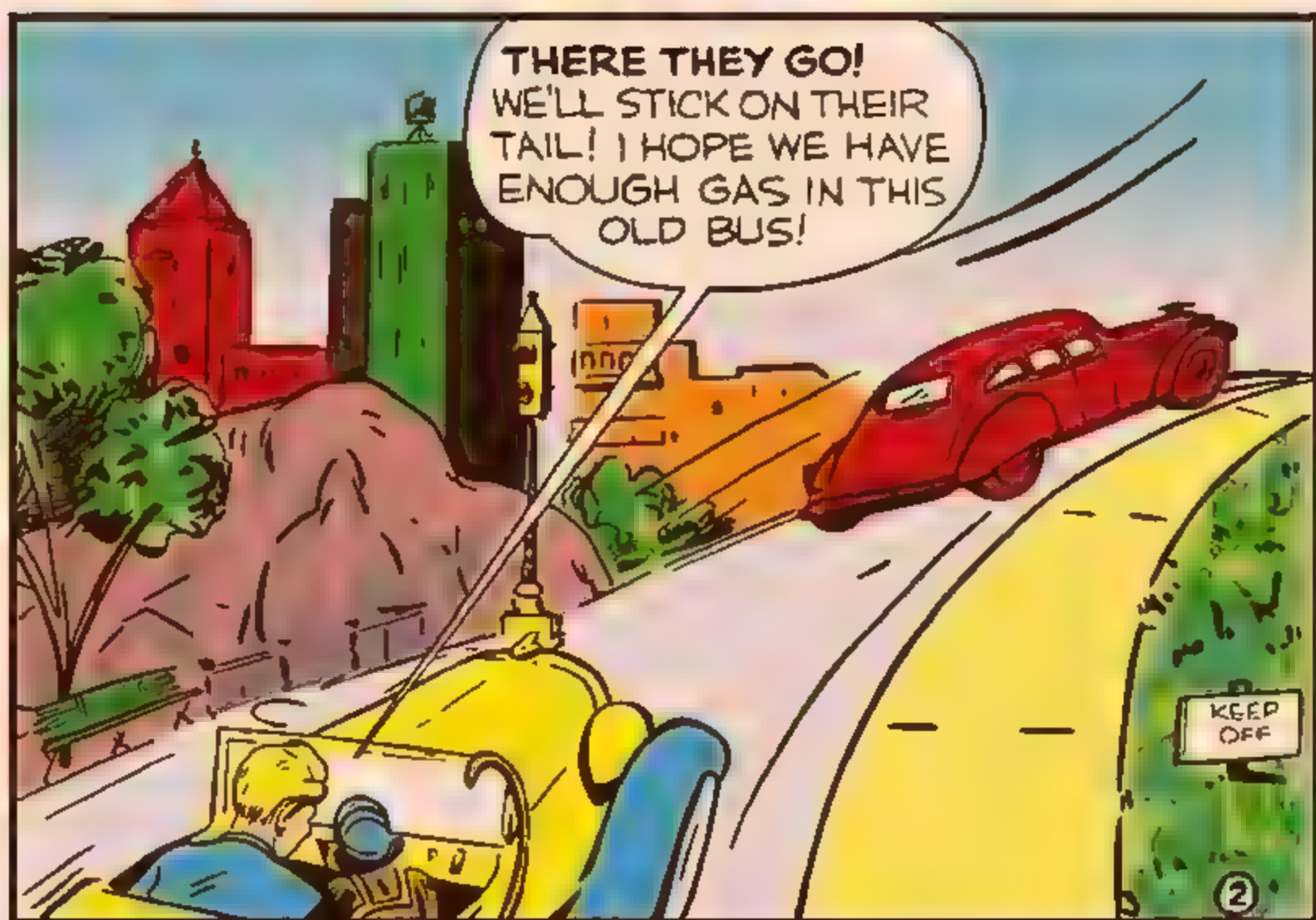
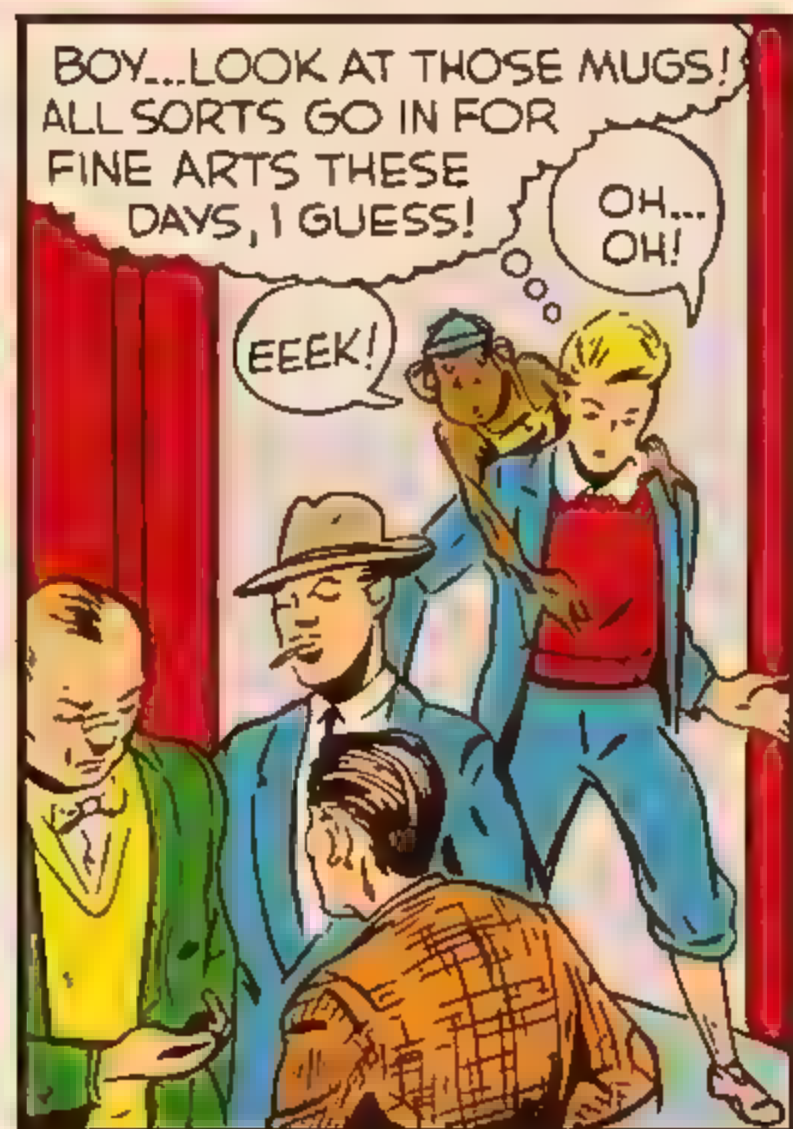
GO AHEAD..
IF IT'S
ANY GOOD,
PERHAPS THE
PAPER WILL
BUY IT!

LATER THAT AFTERNOON, TERRY
COMPARES THE PHOTOGRAPH HE
TOOK WITH AN OLD ENGRAVING
OF THE SAME PAINTING!

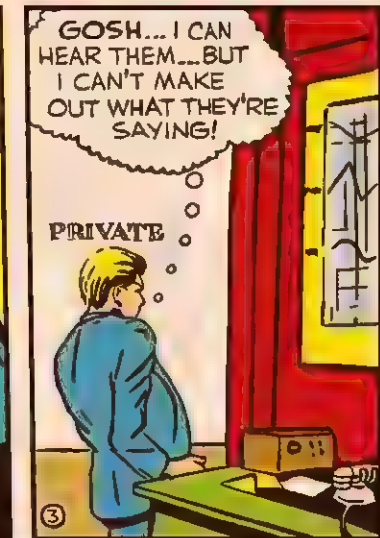
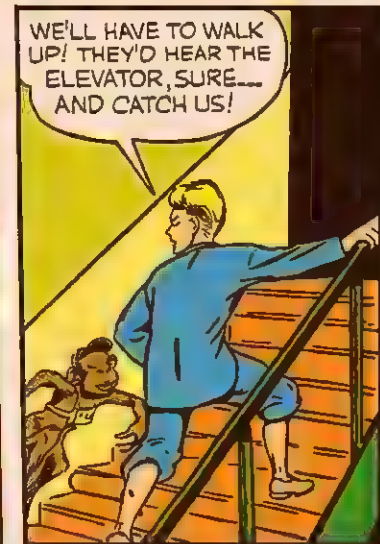
JUST AS I THOUGHT! THAT ISN'T
THE ORIGINAL! THE SMUDGE ON
THE FACE IS MISSING ON THIS
AUTHENTIC
OLD PRINT!

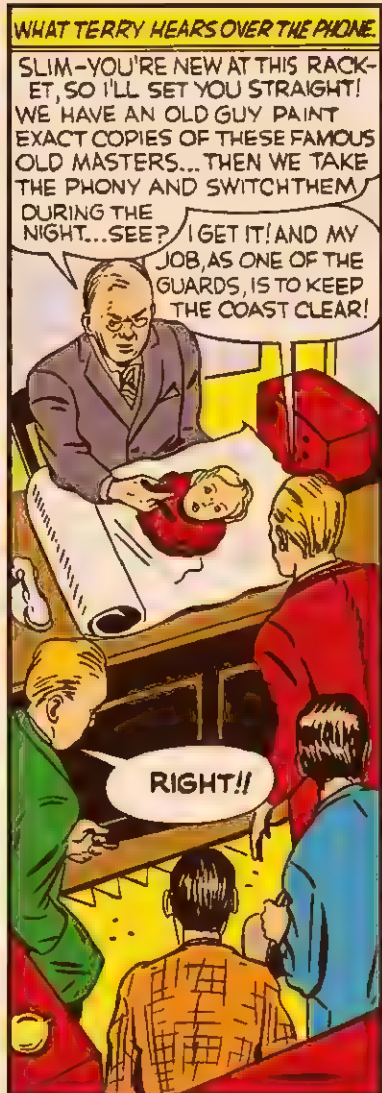
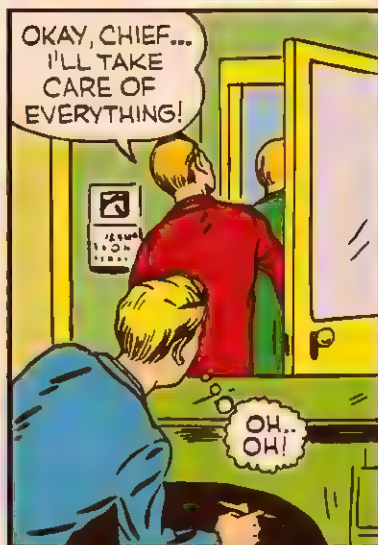
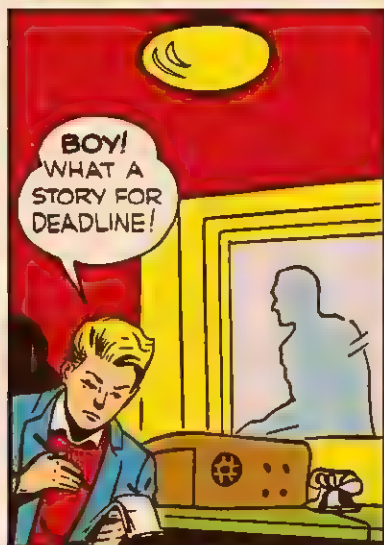
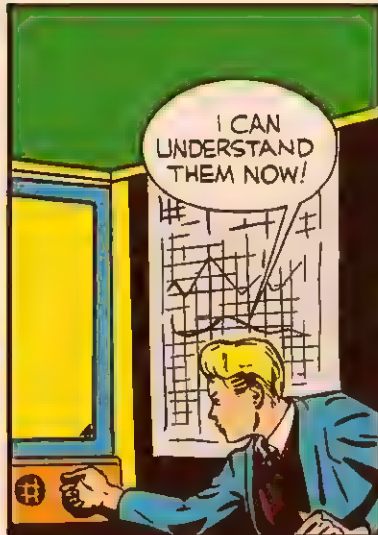
OLD PRINT.
--ORIGINAL--
ENLARGED
PHOTO OF
PAINTING ON
EXHIBITION--

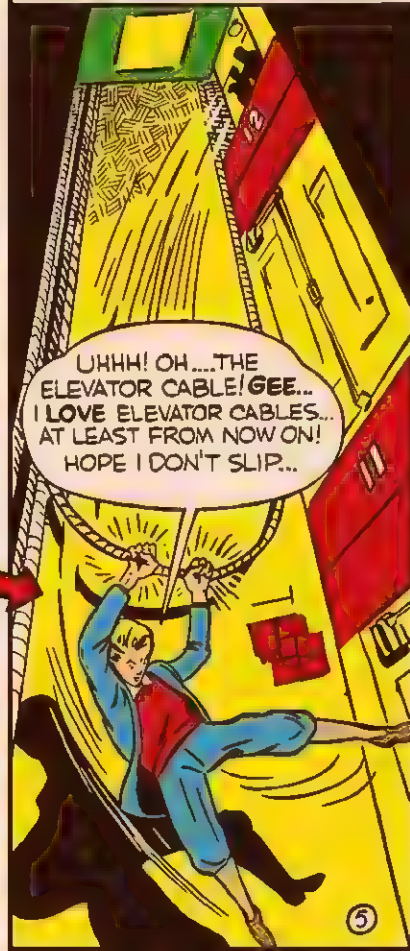
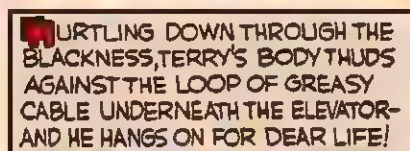
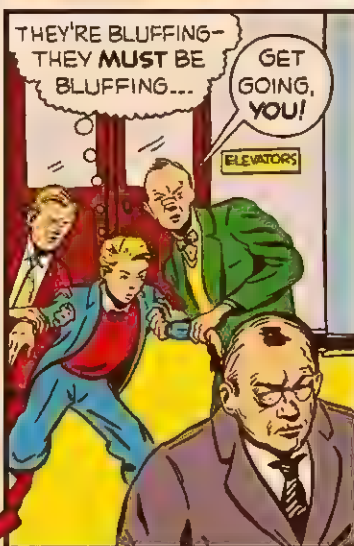
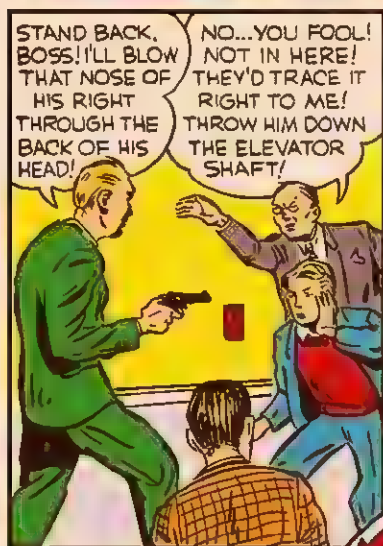
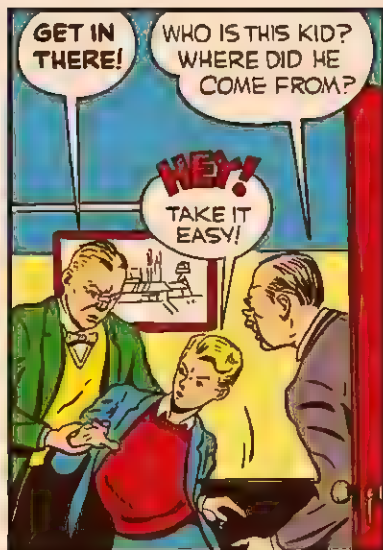




THE BIG SEDAN FINALLY COMES TO A HALT AT THE REAR ENTRANCE TO AN OFFICE BUILDING!







GO GET THAT PAINTING AND LOCK THE PLACE UP! I'M GOING ALONG MYSELF TO SEE THAT WE DON'T HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLE!



THE DESCENDING ELEVATOR SETS TERRY GENTLY DOWN ON THE FLOOR OF THE SHAFT.



GOSH! MY HANDS ARE TORN TO SHREDS! OH...OH... IT'S STILL COMING!



TERRY IS TRAPPED IN THE ELEVATOR PIT WHEN THE CAR FINALLY STOPS!



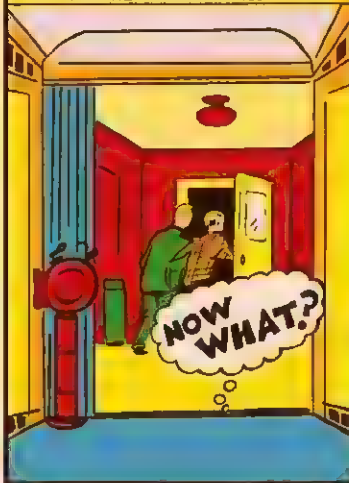
HERE WE ARE! COME ON...LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS!



OHMYGOSH!! WILL THERE BE ENOUGH ROOM HERE FOR ME WHEN THE ELEVATOR FINALLY DOES STOP?



THE FOUR MEN LEAVE TERRY IN HIS PRISON...

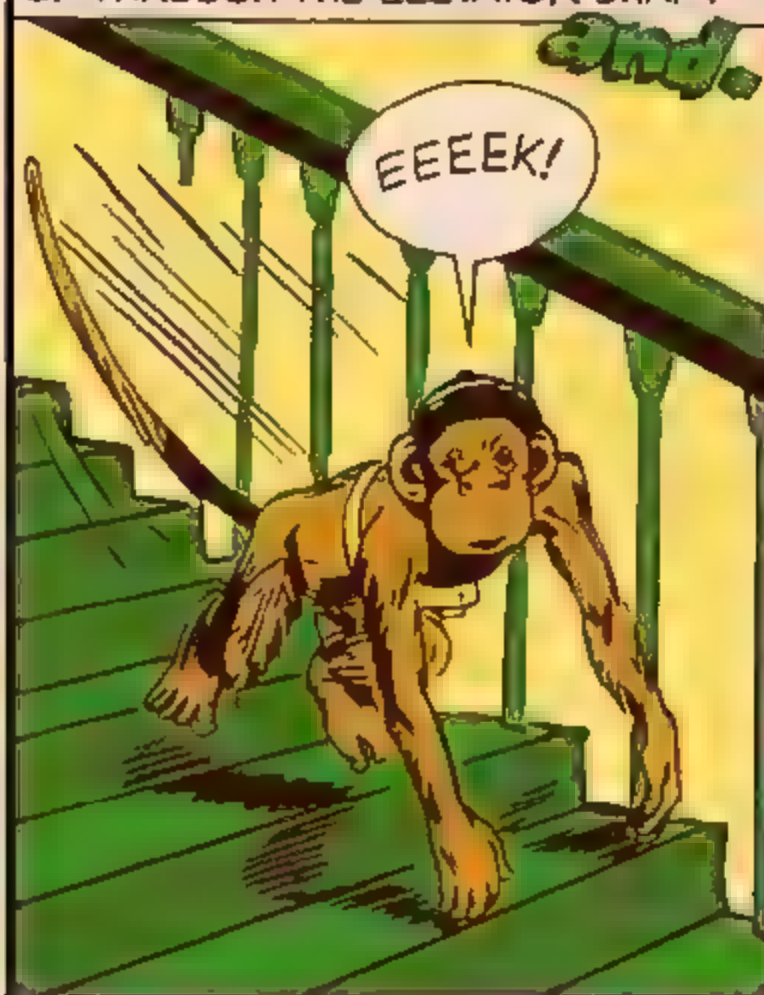


I'LL WHISTLE FOR DR. WATSON... HE OUGHT TO HEAR ME!

TWEEEEET



TERRY'S FAMILIAR WHISTLE SHRILLS UP THROUGH THE ELEVATOR SHAFT--



TERRY INSTRUCTS THE WELL-TRAINED MONKEY ON HOW TO RAISE THE ELEVATOR --



GOOD BOY, DR. WATSON! I'LL HAVE TO RAISE YOUR SALARY AN EXTRA BAG OF PEANUTS THIS WEEK!



-AND DR. WATSON FREES HIM!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

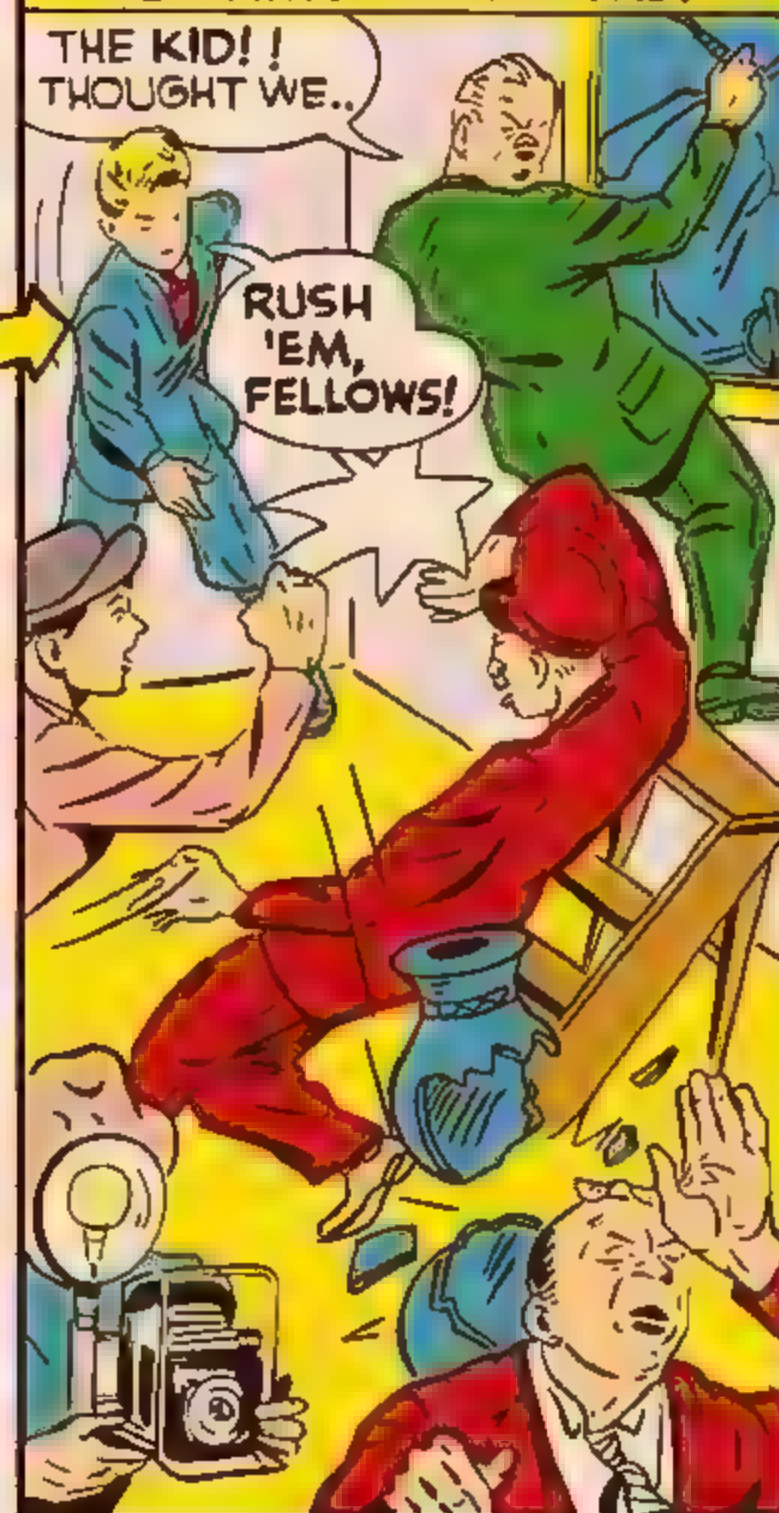
HELLO...GIVE ME THE WORLD INQUIRER, PLEASE...HELLO, DEADLINE DAWSON? DEADLINE, LISTEN...IF YOU WANT THE BIGGEST LOCAL SCOOP OF THE MONTH, MEET ME IN TEN MINUTES IN FRONT OF THE ART EXHIBITION! OKE, I'LL SEE YOU THERE! BRING ALONG A FEW OF THE BOYS!



TEN MINUTES LATER--IN FRONT OF THE ART EXHIBITION...



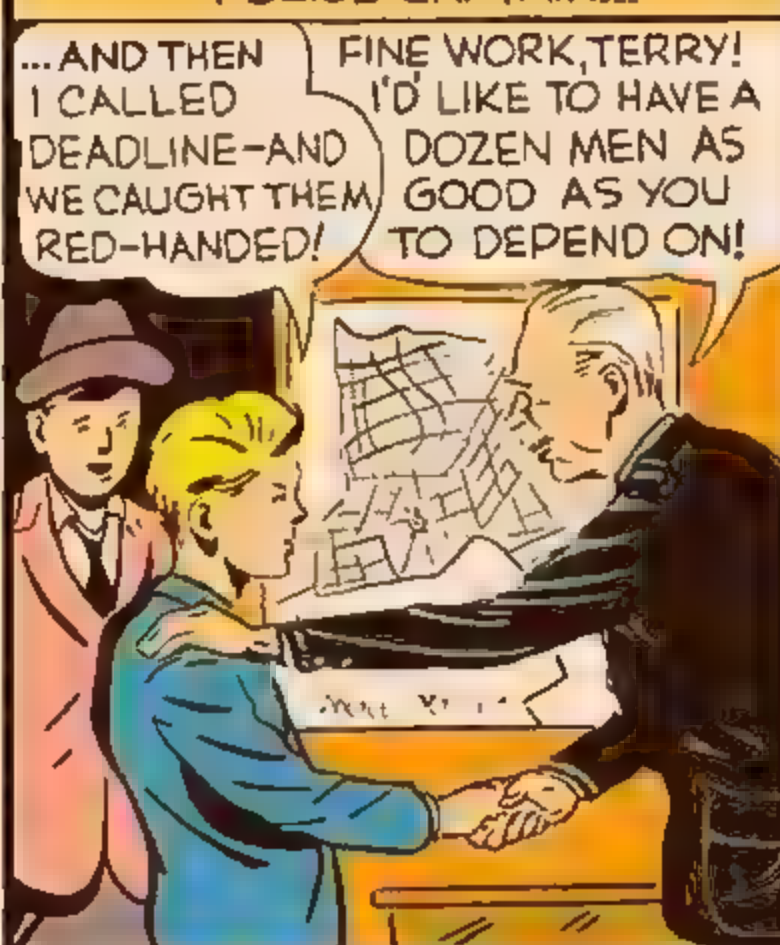
TAKING THEM BY SURPRISE, TERRY AND HIS NEWSPAPERMEN FRIENDS TEAR INTO THE CROOKS!



WELL...THAT'S THAT! JERRY, RUN OUTSIDE AND TELL THE COP ON THIS BEAT TO CALL THE WAGON!



LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, TERRY TELLS HIS STORY TO THE POLICE CAPTAIN...



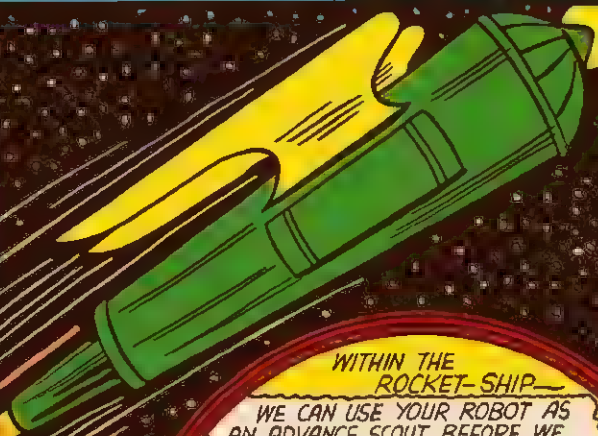
TERRY VANCE
and **DR. WATSON**
APPEAR EACH MONTH IN
YOUR *Favorite* MAGAZINE...
Marvel Comics

ELECTRO

THE MARVEL OF THE AGE

DR. SIMON CRANE,
WEALTHY SCIENTIST,
TAKES OFF FROM EARTH
IN A VENTURE TO REACH
THE MOON!

WITH HIM ARE HIS
DAUGHTER BETTY AND
PROFESSOR ZOG, ALSO
ELECTRO -
THE WONDER-ROBOT!

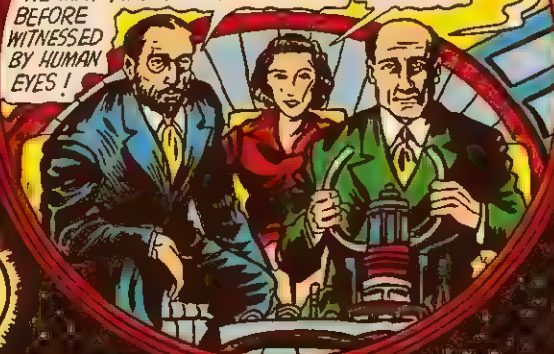


WITHIN THE
ROCKET-SHIP—

WE CAN USE YOUR ROBOT AS
AN ADVANCE SCOUT BEFORE WE
LAND THE ROCKET-SHIP, PROFESSOR.

YES, DR. CRANE, IN THIS WAY
WE MAY FIND OUT THINGS NEVER
BEFORE
WITNESSED
BY HUMAN
EYES!

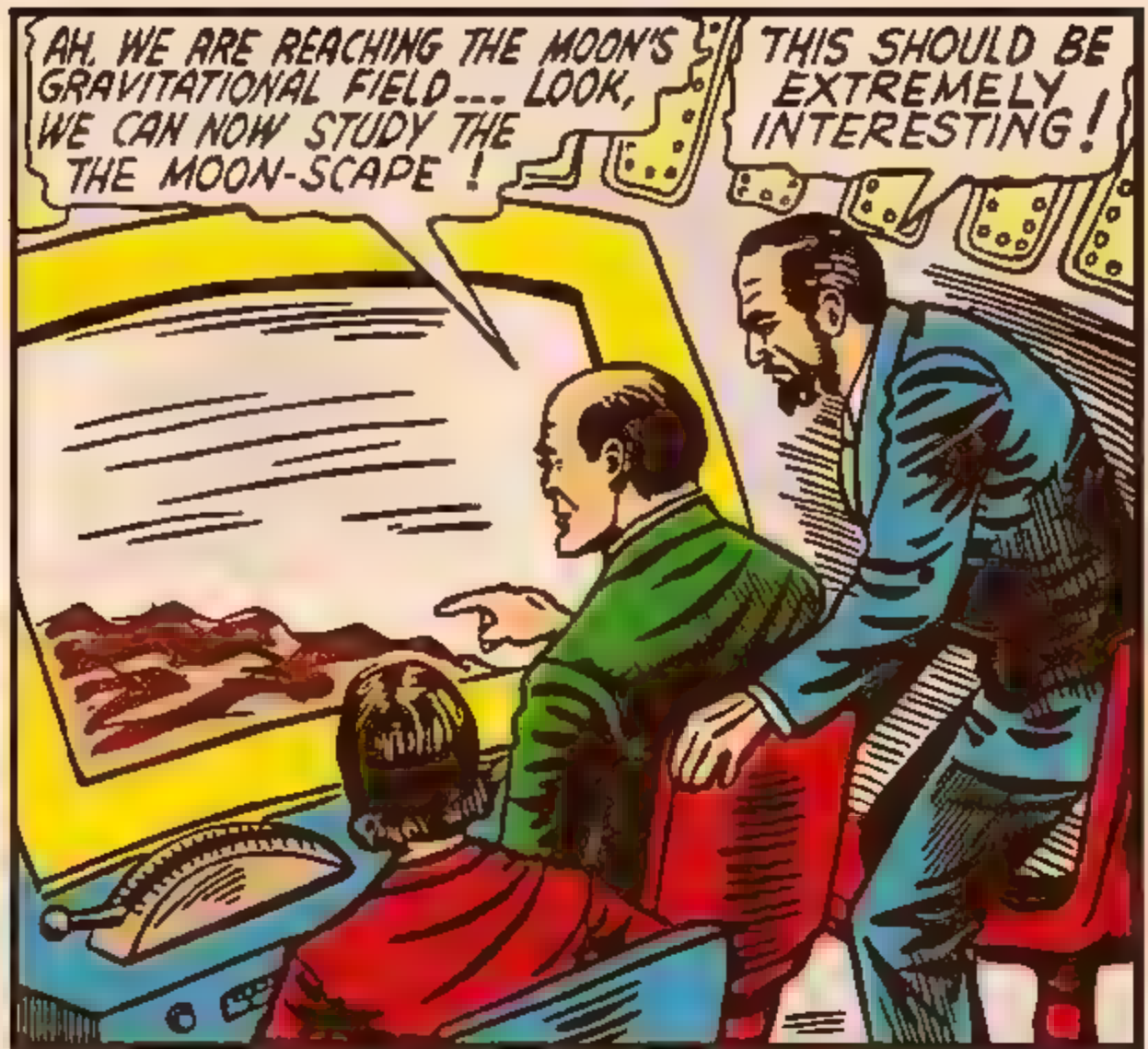
HOW
THRILLING!



STEVE
DAHLMAN



AT THIS SPEED WE SHOULD REACH THE MOON IN SIX HOURS!

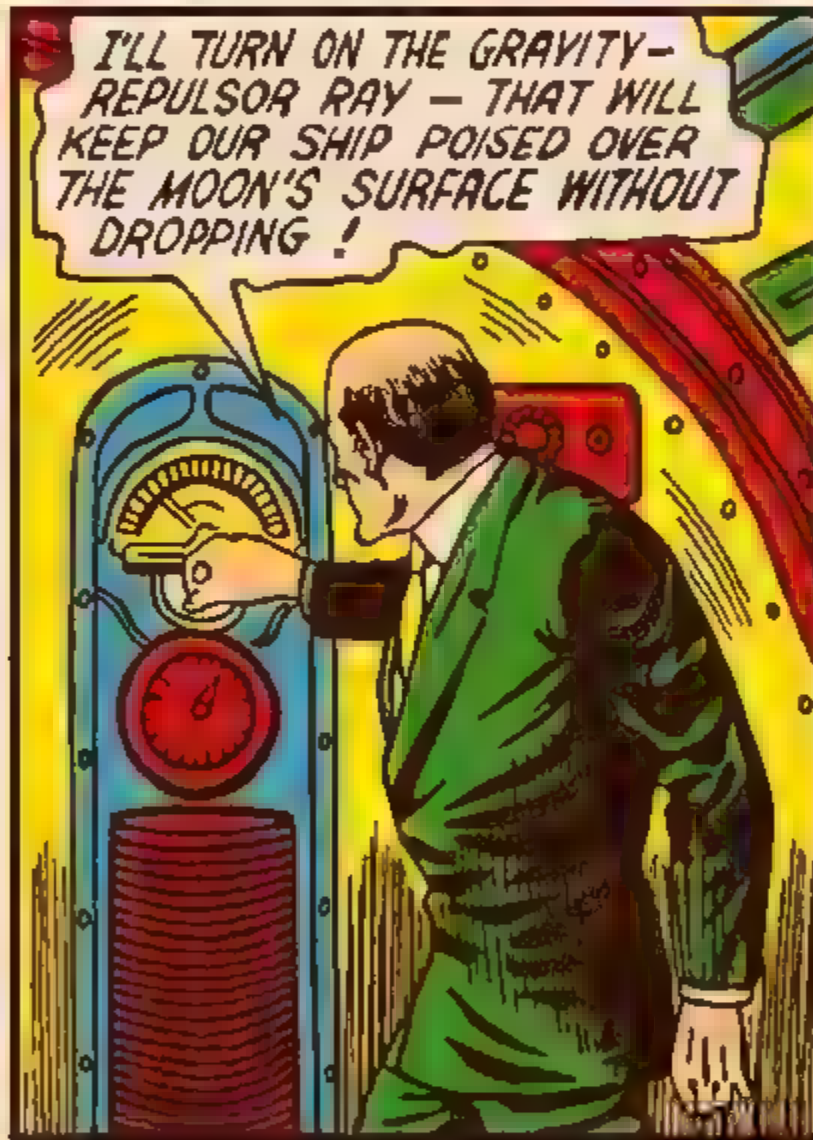


AH, WE ARE REACHING THE MOON'S GRAVITATIONAL FIELD... LOOK, WE CAN NOW STUDY THE MOON-SCAPE!

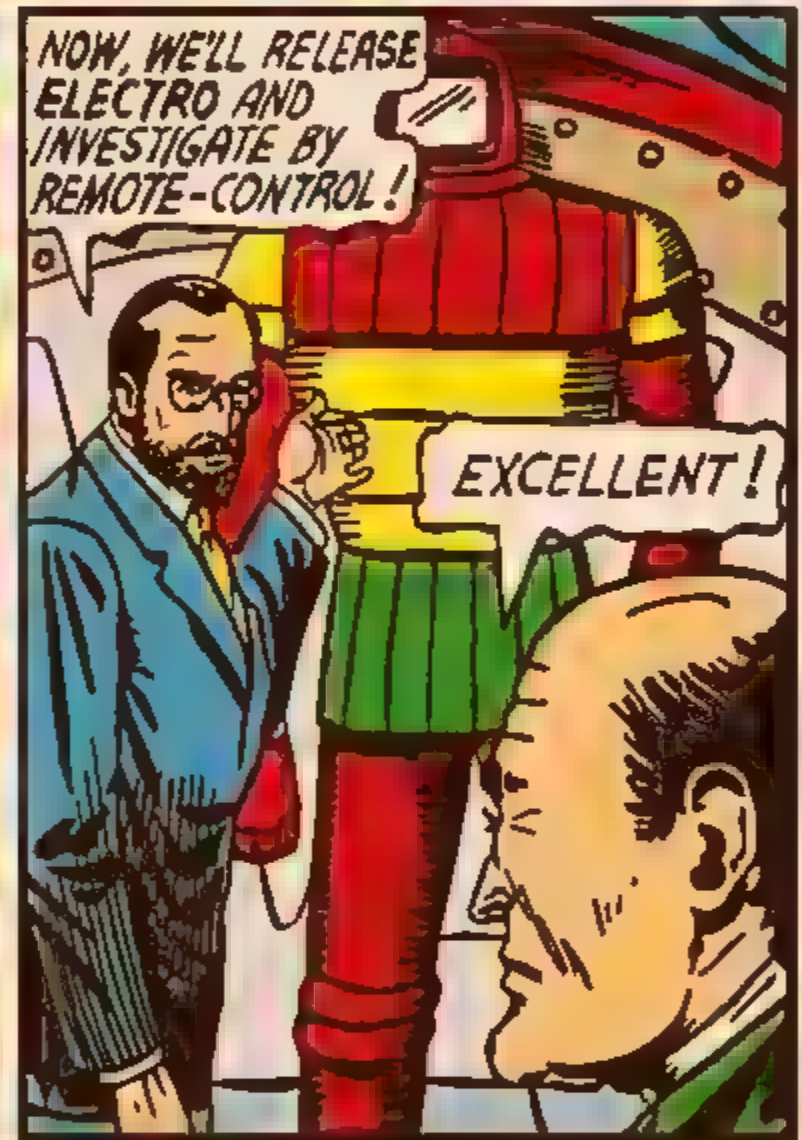
THIS SHOULD BE EXTREMELY INTERESTING!



WHAT THEY SEE IS A ROCKY PLANE.



I'LL TURN ON THE GRAVITY-REPULSOR RAY - THAT WILL KEEP OUR SHIP POISED OVER THE MOON'S SURFACE WITHOUT DROPPING!



NOW, WE'LL RELEASE ELECTRO AND INVESTIGATE BY REMOTE-CONTROL!

EXCELLENT!



THE WONDER-ROBOT IS RELEASED FROM THE ROCKET-SHIP



I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE WHAT LIES IN STORE!

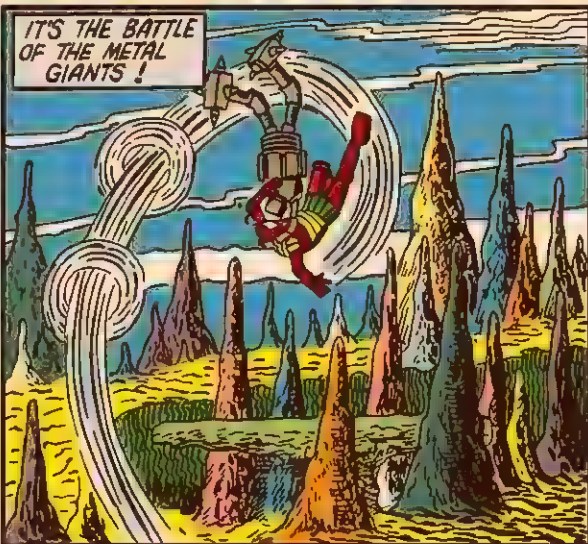
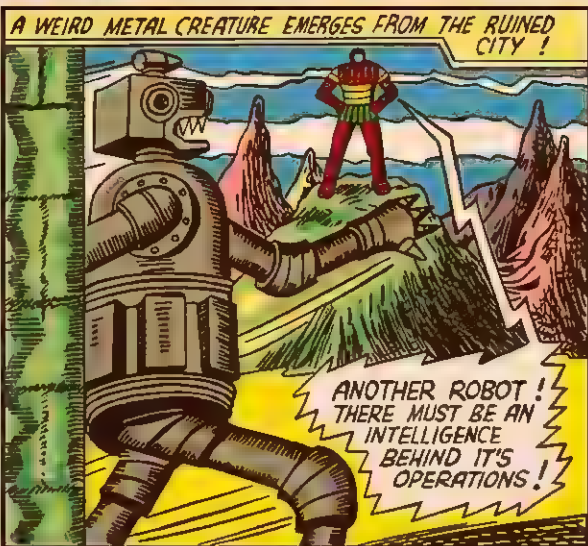
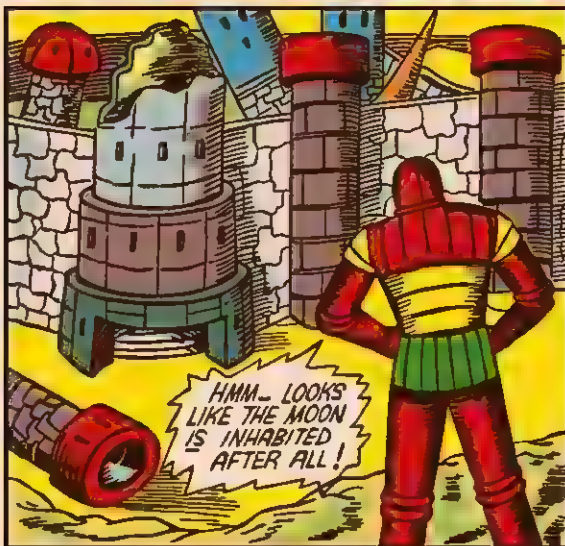
ELECTRO FLIGHTS ON THE MOON'S SURFACE

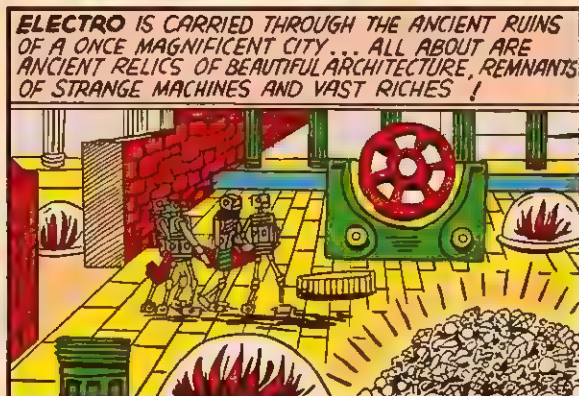
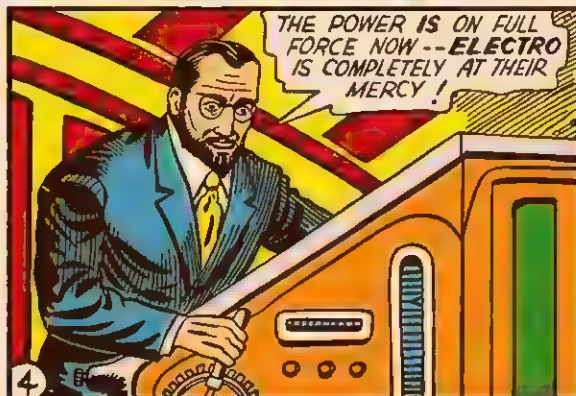
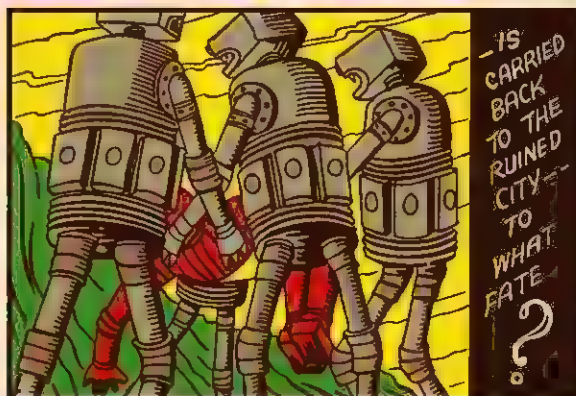
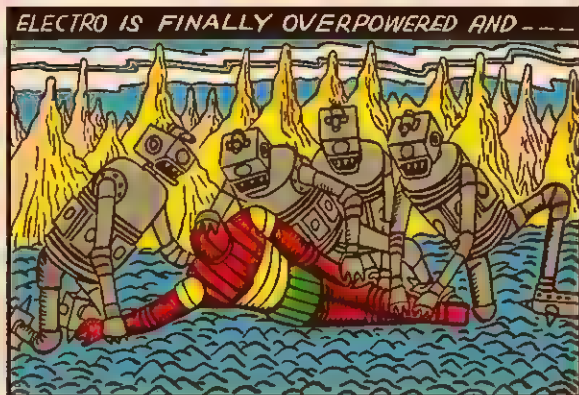
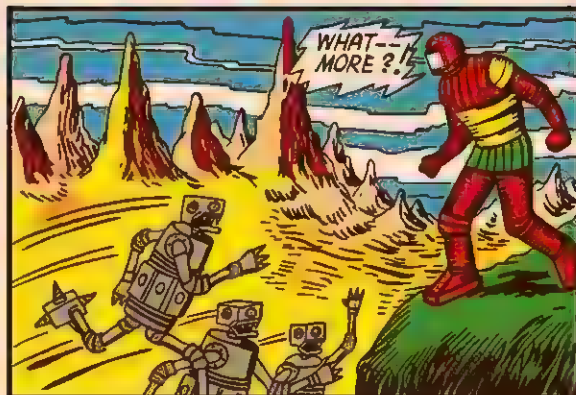
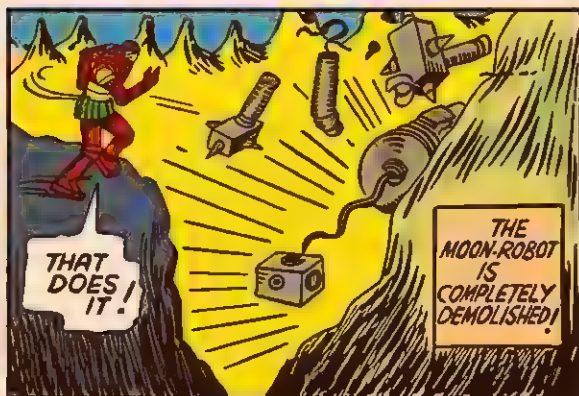
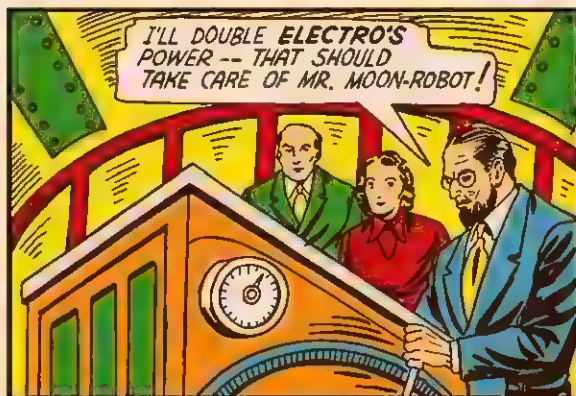


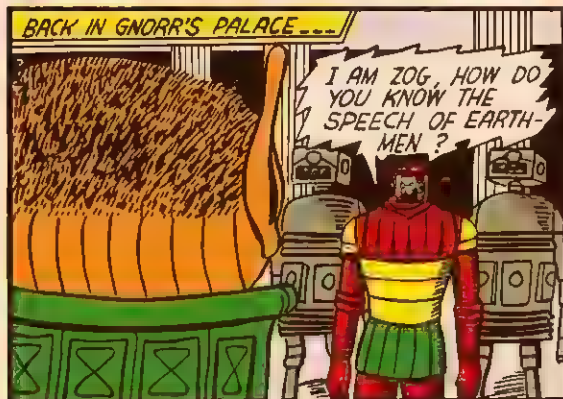
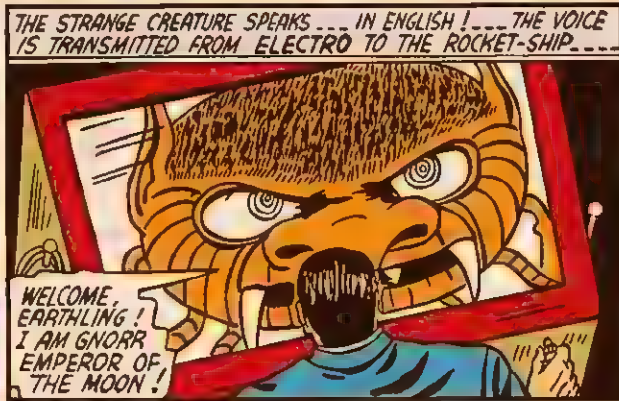
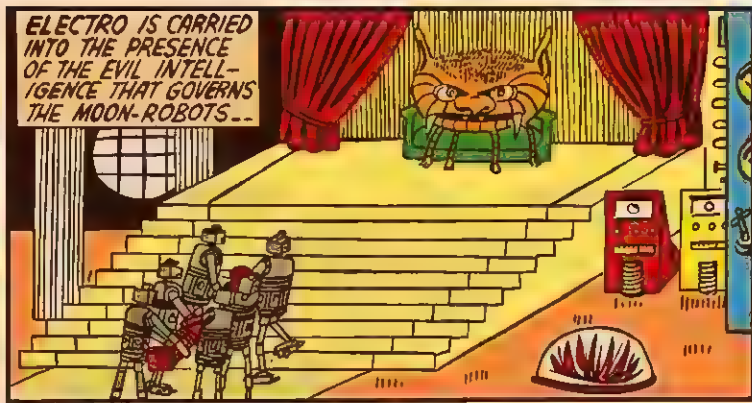
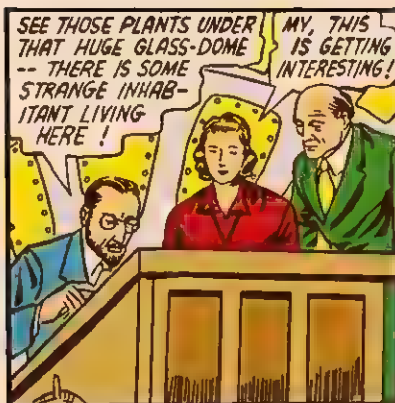
BECAUSE OF THE LIGHT GRAVITY, EVERY STEP ELECTRO TAKES SPANS VAST DISTANCES !



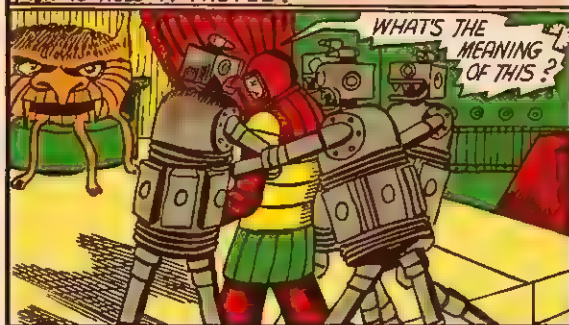
NOTE -- ZOG'S VOICE AND IMAGE ARE TRANSMITTED TO ELECTRO'S TELE-VISOR APPARATUS --







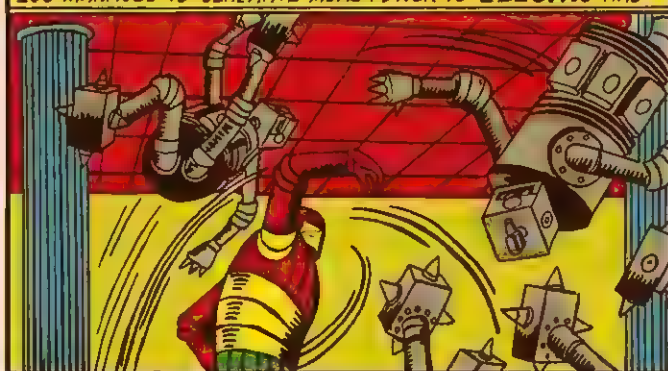
AS ZOG IS ABOUT TO GUIDE HIS WONDER-ROBOT BACK TO THE ROCKET-SHIP, GNORR ORDERS HIS MECHANICAL MEN TO HOLD IT FAST--!



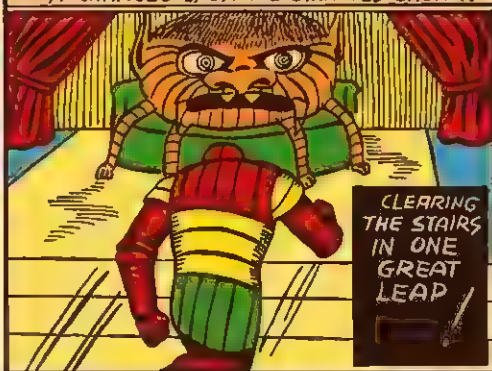
YOUR ROBOT IS MINE, EARTH-MAN ! IT IS MIGHTIER THAN MY IRON-MEN, THEREFORE I INTEND TO EXAMINE IT'S MECHANISM AND IT SHALL BE MY SERVANT HENCEFORTH!



ZOG MANAGES TO GENERATE MORE POWER TO ELECTRO AND--



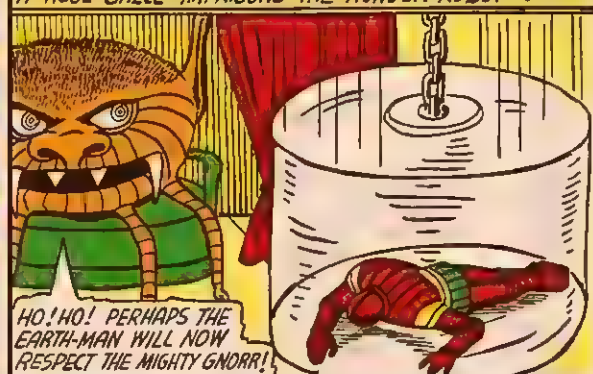
-- IT CHARGES UPON THE STARTLED GNORR !



--ONLY TO BE THROWN BACK BY AN UNSEEN SCREEN OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY !



A HUGE SHELL IMPRISONS THE WONDER-ROBOT !



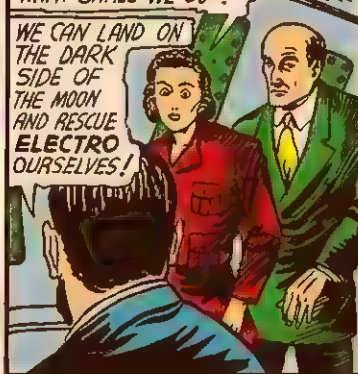
ABOARD THE ROCKET-SHIP---

ELECTRO HAS BEEN CUT OFF BY THAT TRANSPARENT SHELL --- I AM POWERLESS TO DO A THING!

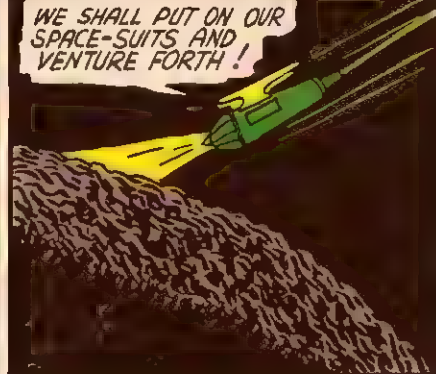


WHAT SHALL WE DO ?

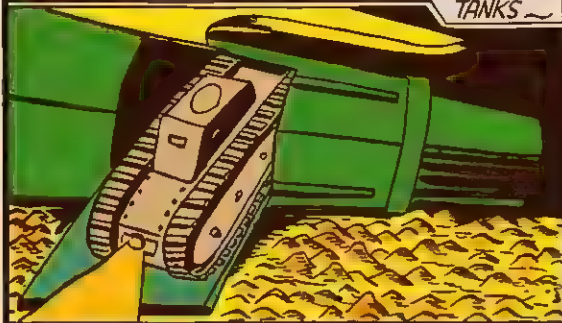
WE CAN LAND ON THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON AND RESCUE ELECTRO OURSELVES!



WE SHALL PUT ON OUR SPACE-SUITS AND VENTURE FORTH !

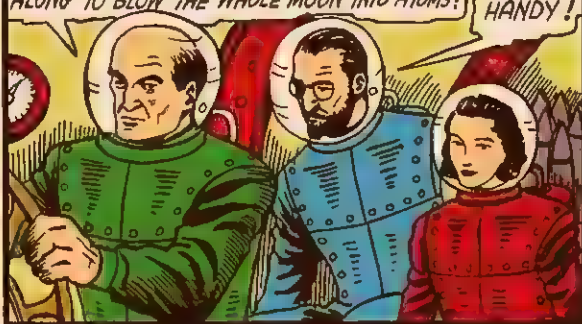


THE EARTH-PEOPLE ENTER A SPECIAL ARMORED TANK, WITHIN THE ROCKET-SHIP, AND VENTURE FORTH... THEY ARE DRESSED IN SPACE-SUITS EQUIPPED WITH OXYGEN TANKS~

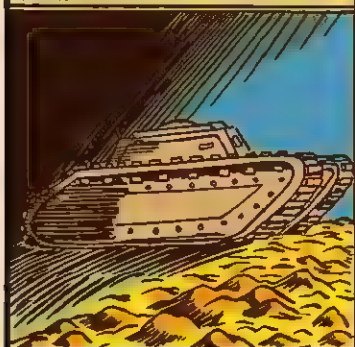


WITHIN THE ARMORED TANK~
WE HAVE ENOUGH HIGH-EXPLOSIVES
ALONG TO BLOW THE WHOLE MOON INTO ATOMS!

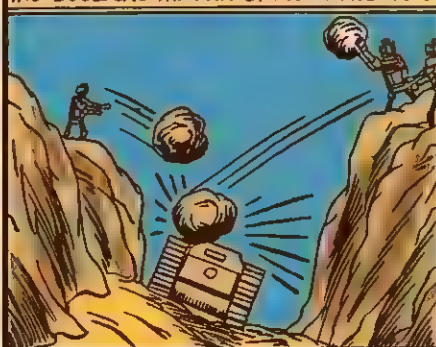
THEY'LL SOON
COME IN
MIGHTY
HANDY!



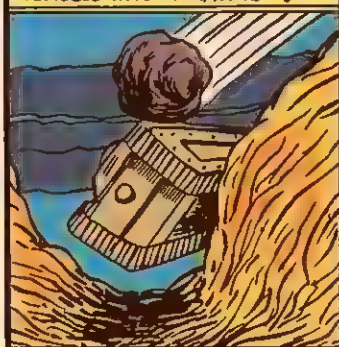
THEY PASS THE DIVIDING LINE BETWEEN NIGHT AND DAY AND---



--- ARE IMMEDIATELY ATTACKED WITH FLYING BOULDERS THROWN BY MOON-ROBOTS!



THE TANK OVERTURNS AND TUMBLES INTO A RAVINE!



THE THREE ARE UNHURT AND FLEE, WITH THE MOON-ROBOTS IN HOT PURSUIT!

MAKE FOR THAT CAVE, YONDER!

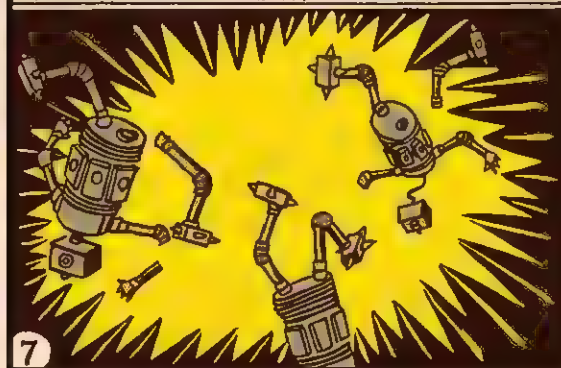


HURRY INSIDE!
THE CONCUSSION
WILL BE TERRIFIC!

ZOG
TOSSES A
POWERFUL
BOMB
AND---



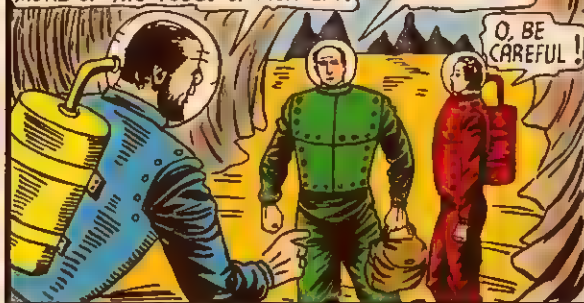
-BECAUSE OF THE LIGHT GRAVITY, TERRIBLE HAVOC ENSUES!

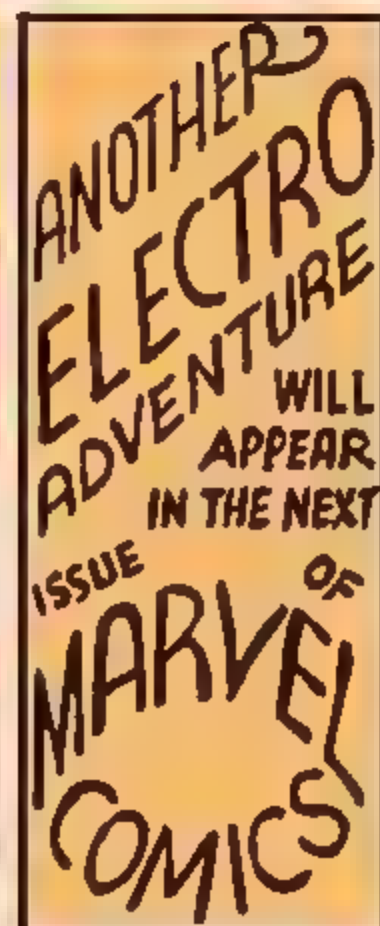
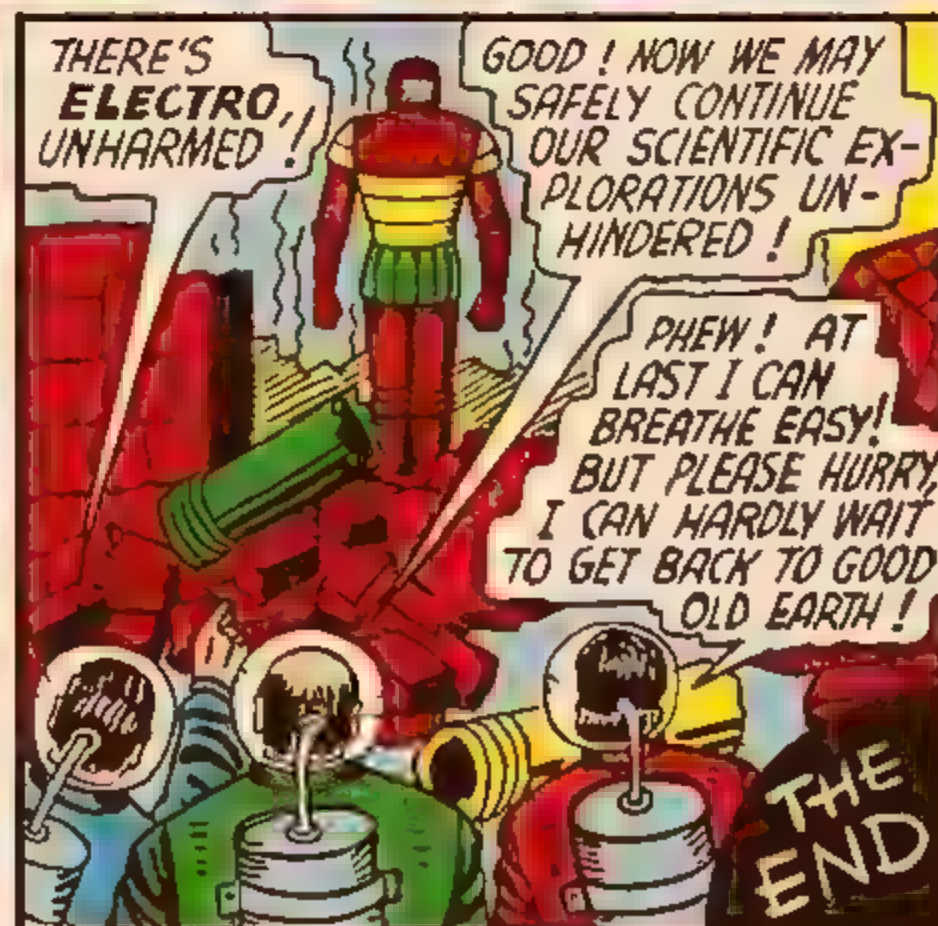
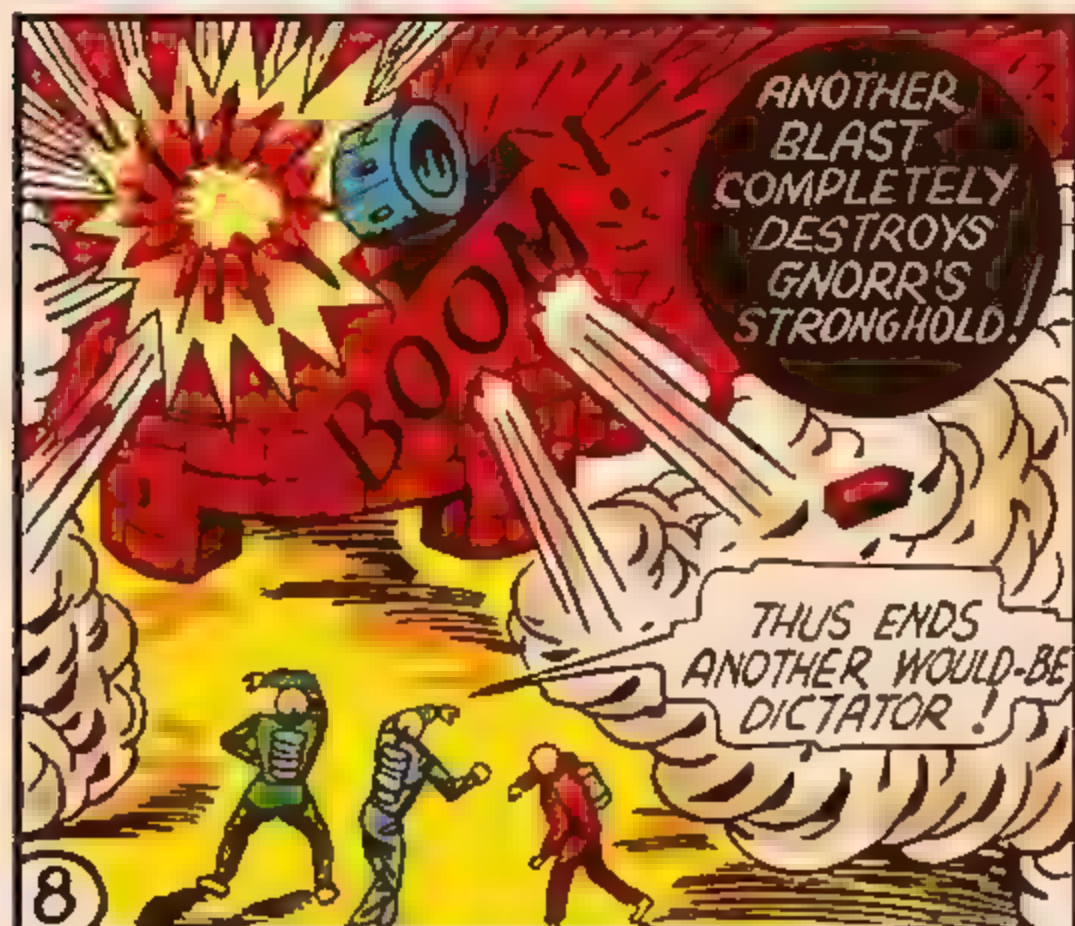
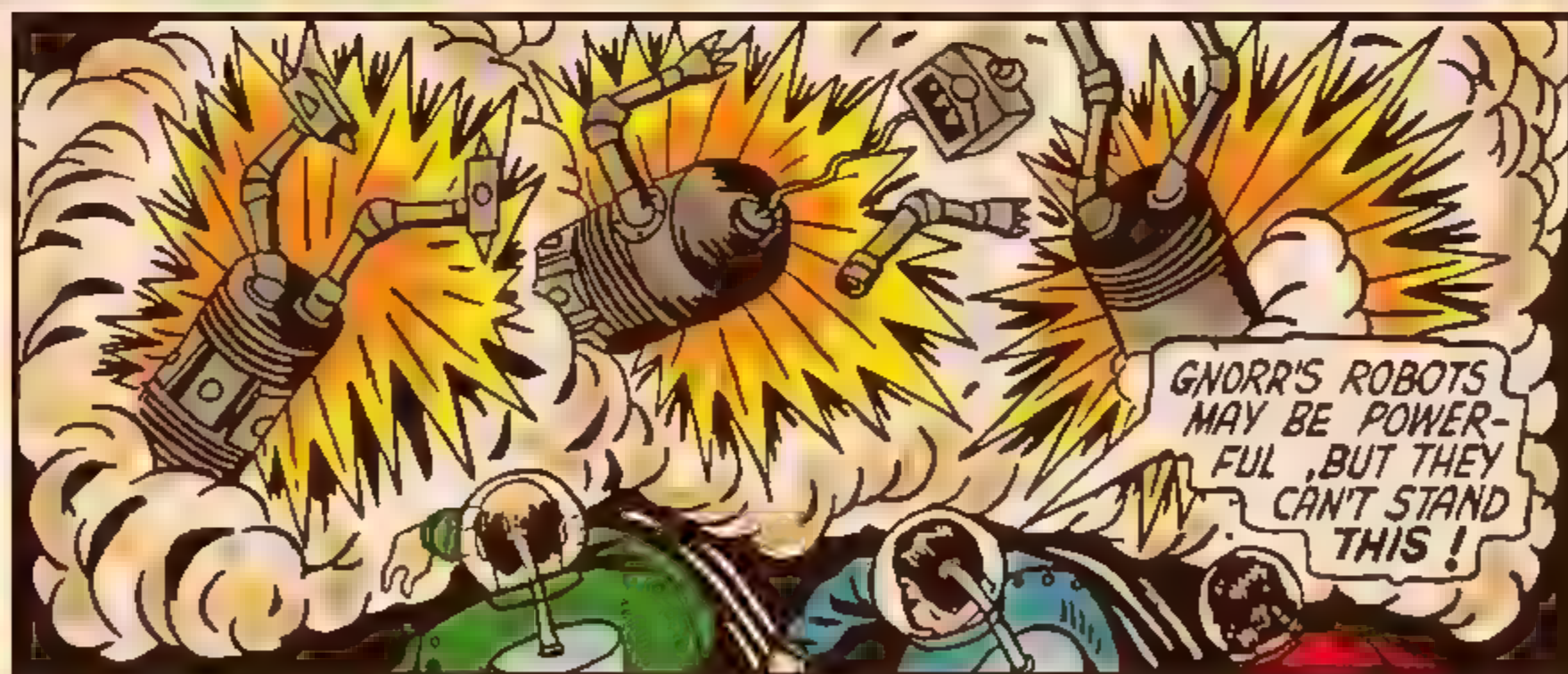
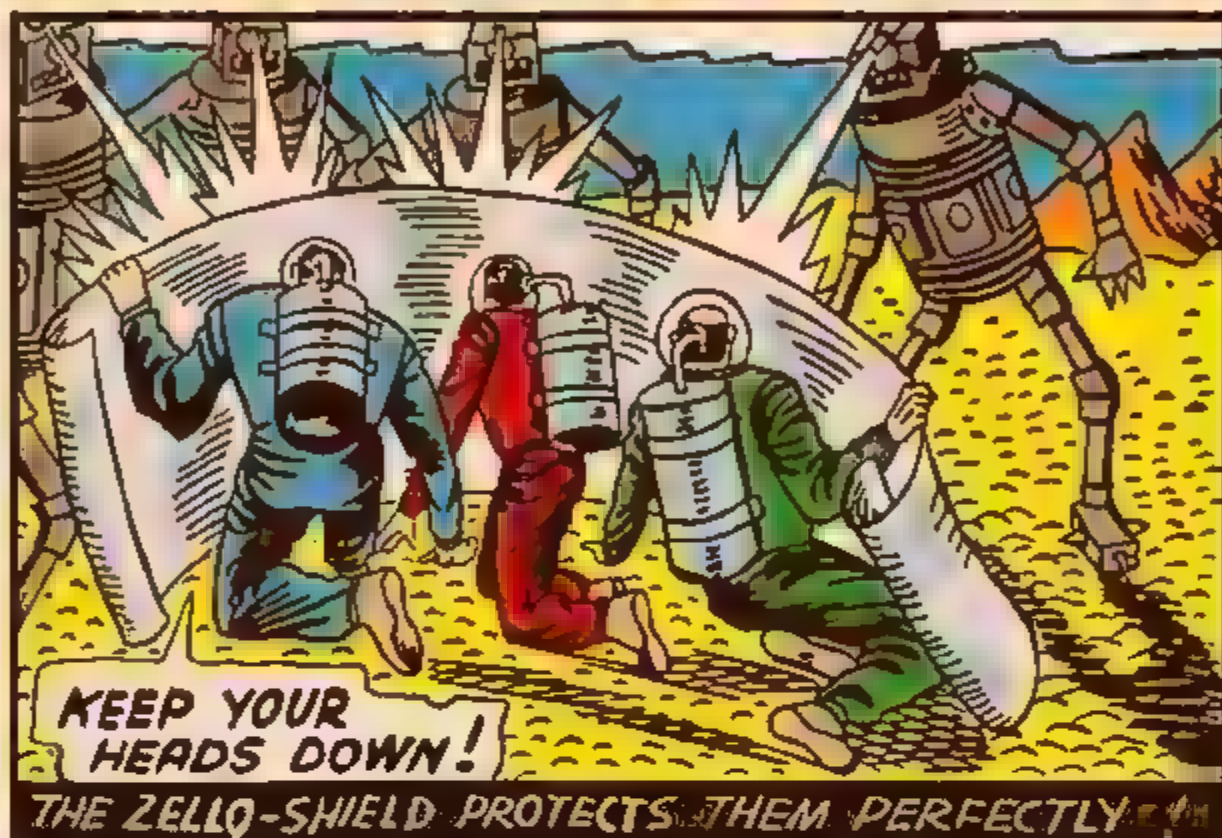
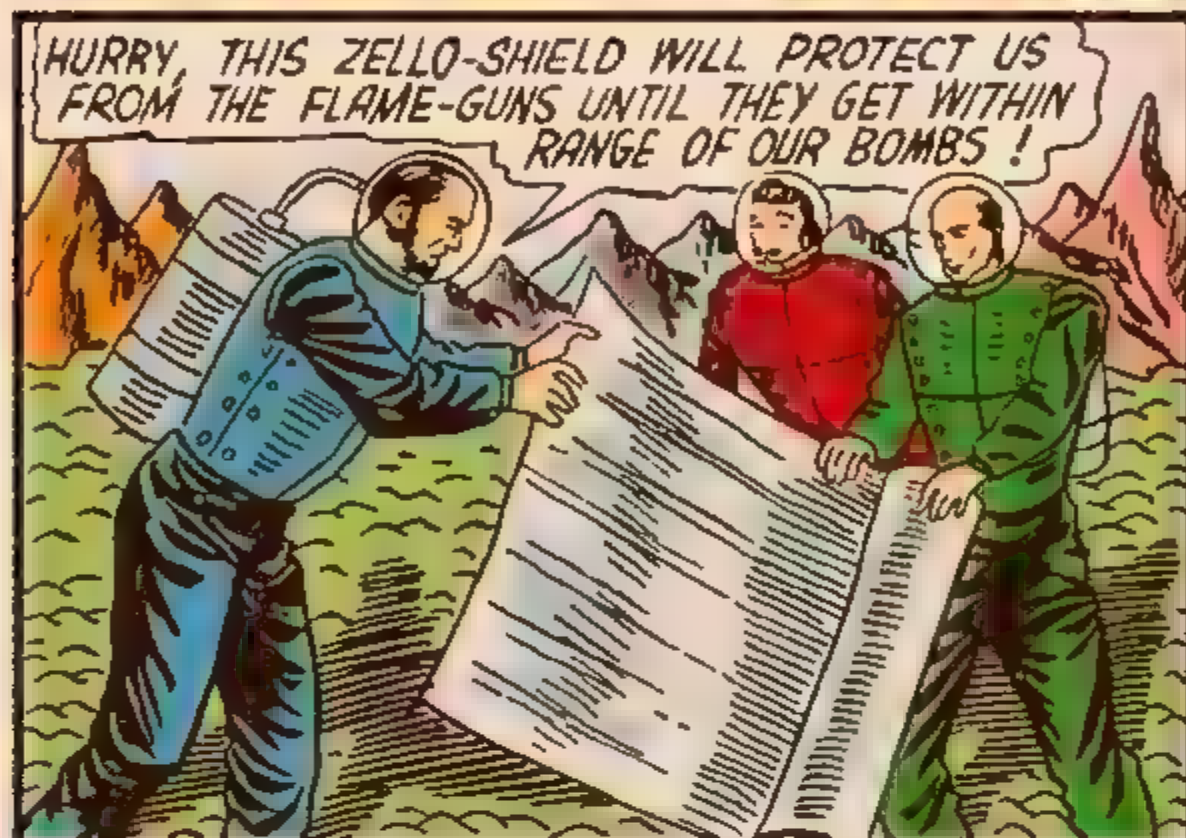
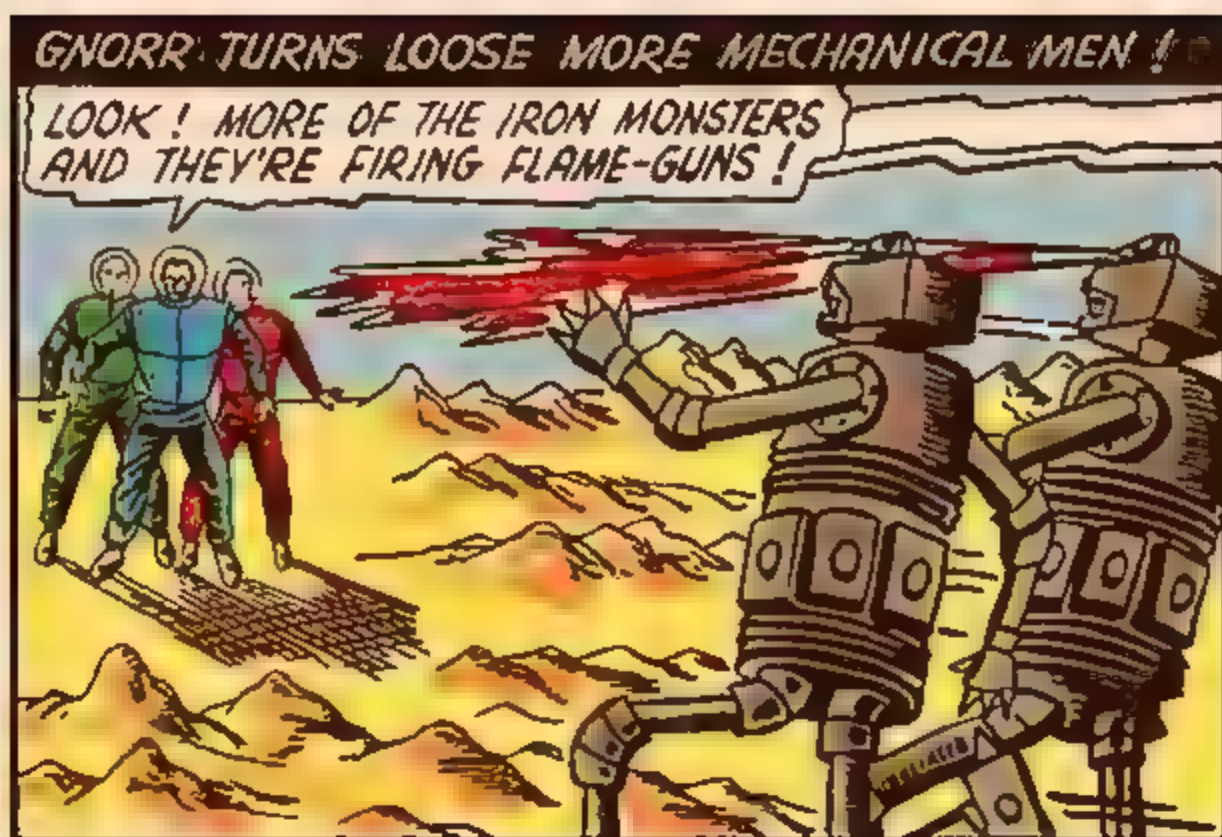
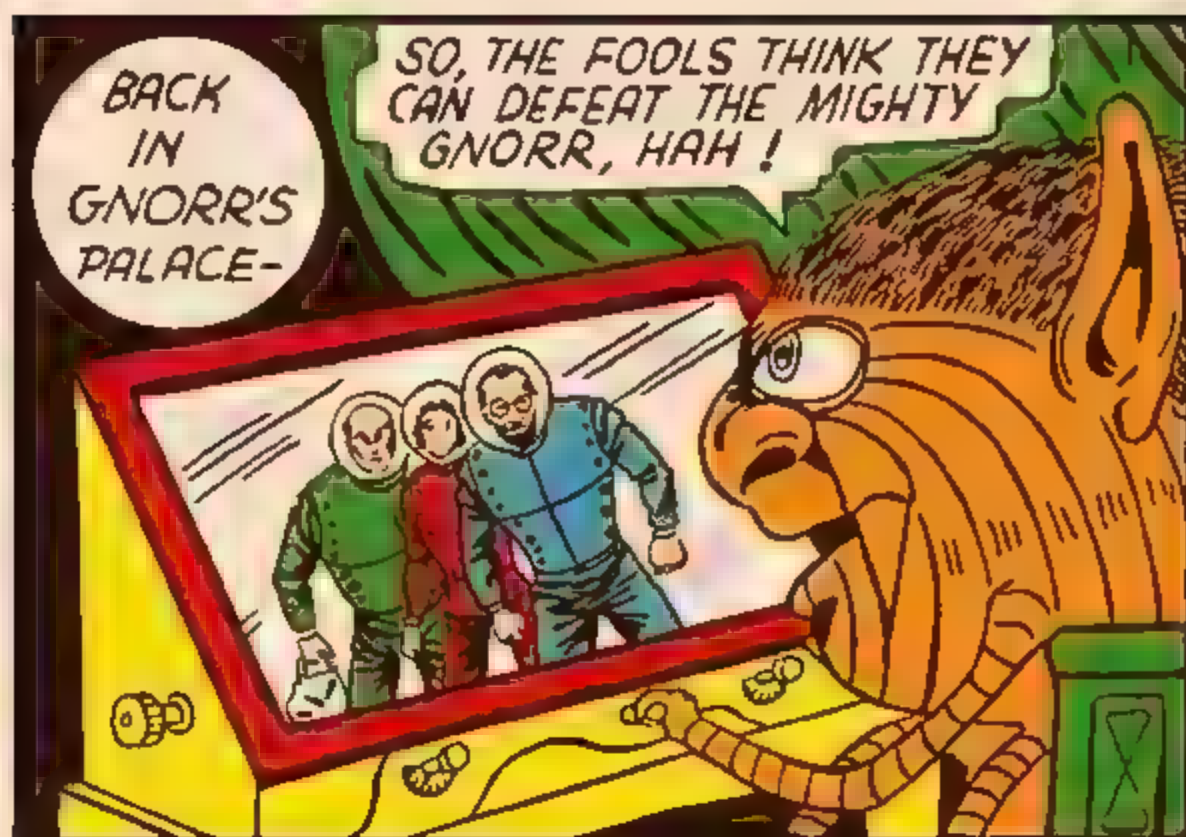


NOW TO DESTROY GNORR'S PALACE BEFORE THIS FIENDISH MONSTER TURNS LOOSE WITH MORE OF HIS TOOLS OF MURDER!

YES, WE MUST HURRY BEFORE HE MAKES GOOD HIS PROMISES!

O, BE CAREFUL!





The ANGEL



AS THE ANGEL MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH A CROWDED SECTION OF THE CITY, A SHOT RINGS OUT.



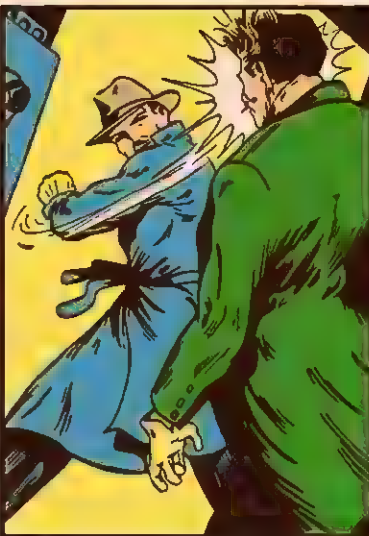
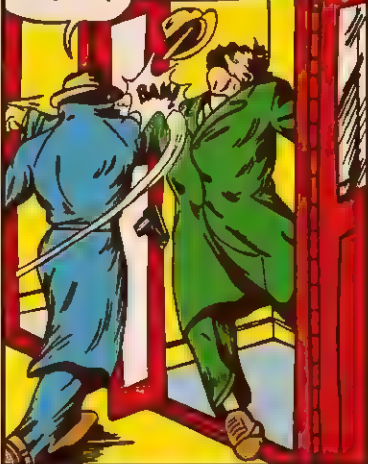
HELLO, ROCCO! MIND IF I JOIN
YOU IN THE TELEPHONE BOOTH
WHILE YOU CALL
SAVOY? W-WHAT TH' ?
BEAT IT, BUD, BEFORE
I SLUG YOU!



HUH? SAY...HOW'D YOU KNOW
I WAS GONNA CALL SAVOY?
YOUR FACE... IT... IT LOOKS LIKE
S-SOMEONE... **THE ANGEL!**



RIGHT! PUT THAT GUN AWAY,
CHUMP!



SAVOY HAD HAPPY NOLAN
KNOCKED OFF 'CAUSE HE
WAS IN WITH TH' DISTRICT
ATTORNEY AN' WAS
PLANNIN' AN AIR-TIGHT
CASE TO SEND SAVOY
UP TH' RIVER!



SO THAT'S IT! I THINK I'LL
GIVE THAT 'WEASEL-PUSS'
A SURPRISE CALL!



HELLO, SAVOY.... THIS IS THE
ANGEL! I JUST FOUND
OUT THAT YOU 'BUMPED OFF'
HAPPY NOLAN! YOU'D
BETTER START RUNNING...
...I'M COMING AFTER
YOU!



AS FOR YOU, ROCCO....YOU'D
BETTER GET OUT OF TOWN....
...WHEN YOU WAKE UP!



MEANWHILE...LIMPY SAVOY
CALLS HIS GANG TOGETHER....

WHAT TOOK YOU GUYS
SO LONG?

B-BUT....



SHUT UP! NOW LISTEN....
THE ANGEL JUST CALLED
AN' SAID HE'S COMIN' AFTER
US! HE KNOWS I HAD
HAPPY NOLAN BUMPED OFF!
SO.....GO OUT AN' FIND HIM....
...AN' FILL HIM SO FULL OF
LEAD THAT HE'LL
SINK!



YOU HEARD ME!
NOW GIT!



HOW WE GONNA BUMP
SOME GUY OFF WHEN
WE DON'T EVEN KNOW
WHAT HE LOOKS
LIKE ??

I
SAW THIS

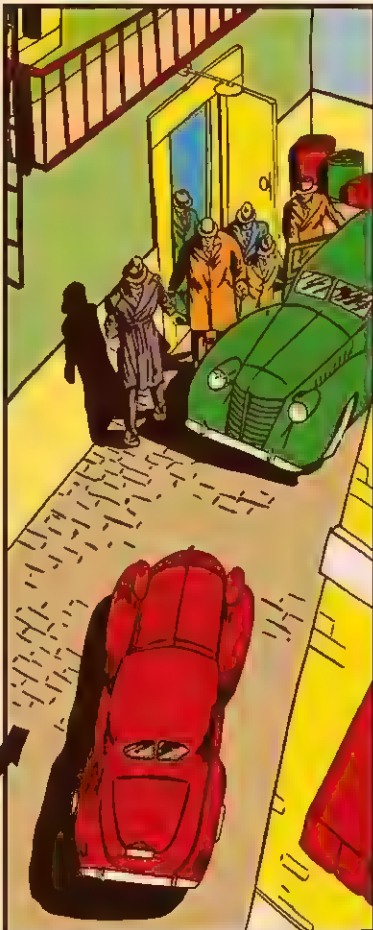
ANGEL GUY ONCE....
NO....HE SAW ME!



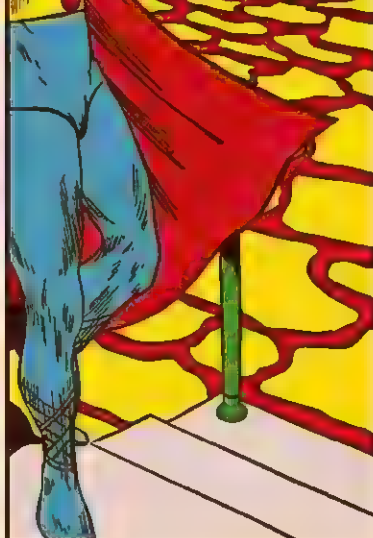
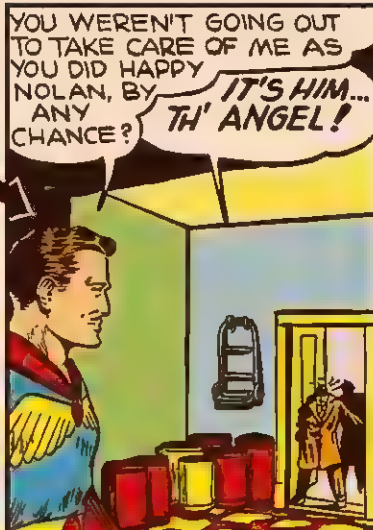
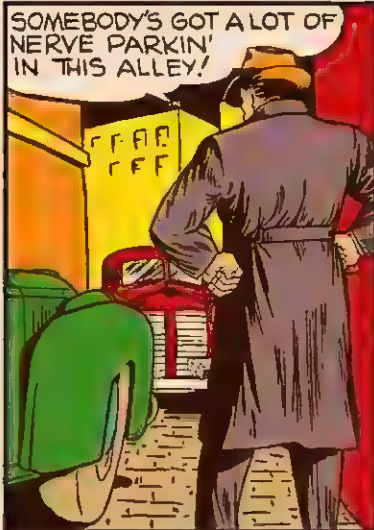
YEAH? WHAD HE
LOOK LIKE,
PUNCHY?

I
DUNNO!

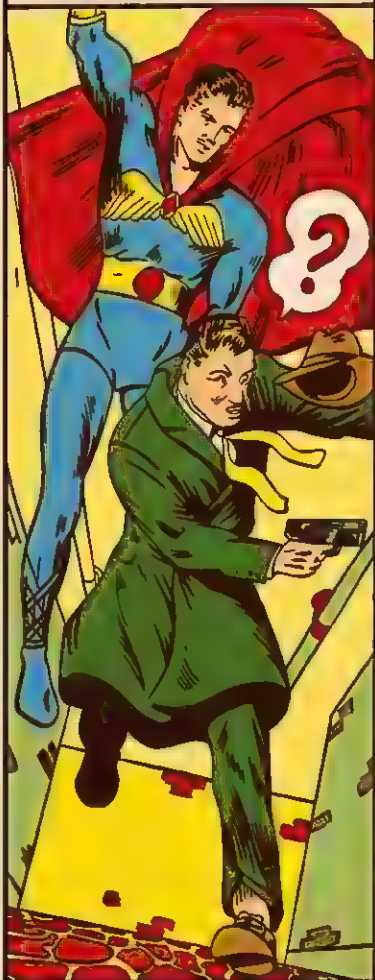
HE SOCKED
ME AN' I WOKE
UP IN A HOSPITAL....
TWO WEEKS
LATER!



AS THE THUGS REACH THE
ALLEY NEXT TO SAVOY'S
APARTMENT HOUSE, THEY FIND
THEIR EXIT BLOCKED BY A
CAR UNFAMILIAR TO THEM.

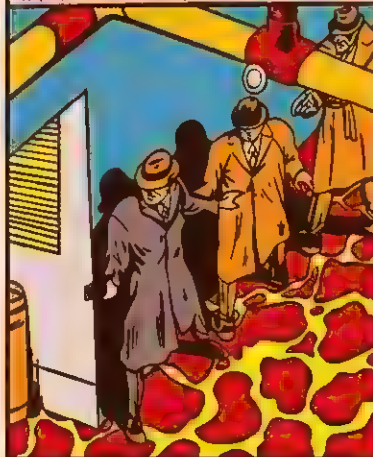


AS THE LAST THUG RUNS UNDER HIM, THE ANGEL STREAKS DOWN LIKE A STRIKING THUNDERBOLT....



LOOKS LIKE THE PICTURE HAS REVERSED.... I'M GOING AFTER YOU NOW!

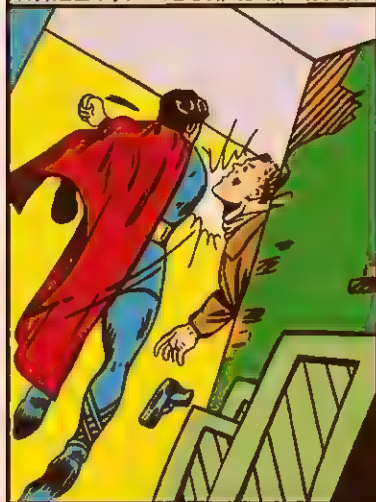
COMBING EVERY INCH OF THE CELLAR, THE THUGS SEARCH IN VAIN FOR THE ANGEL....



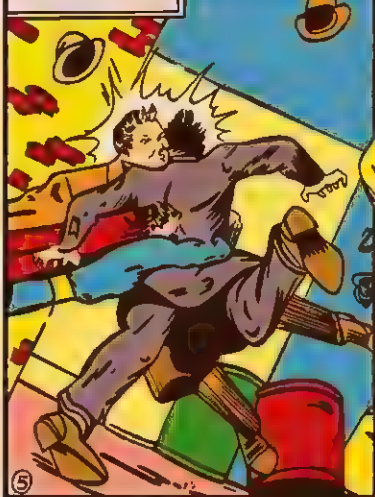
BEFORE I'M THROUGH WITH YOU GUYS, YOU'LL WISH YOU WERE ABOUT A MILLION MILES FROM HERE!



WHILE FROM BEHIND THEM... ONE



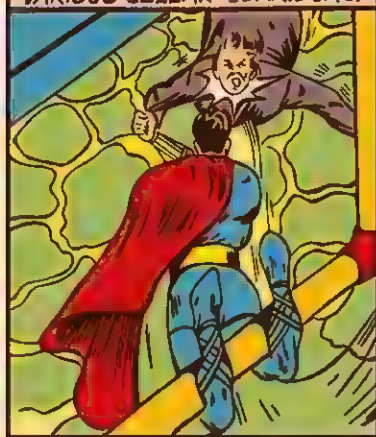
TWO... THREE...

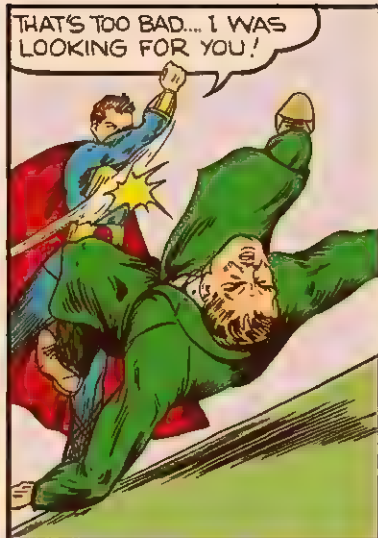
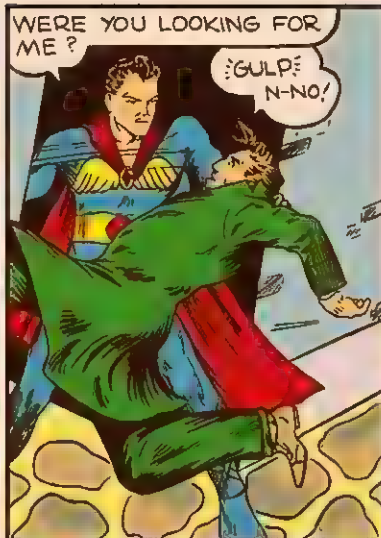


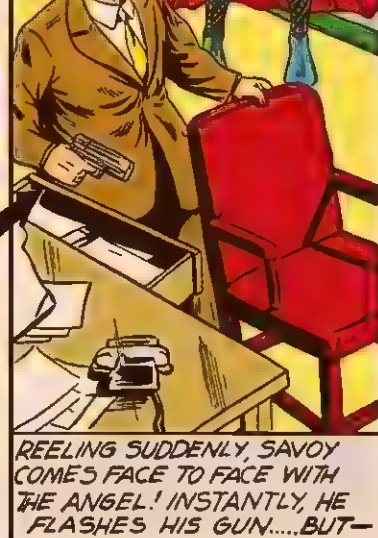
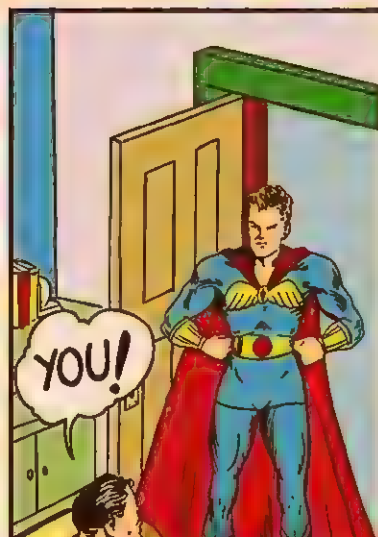
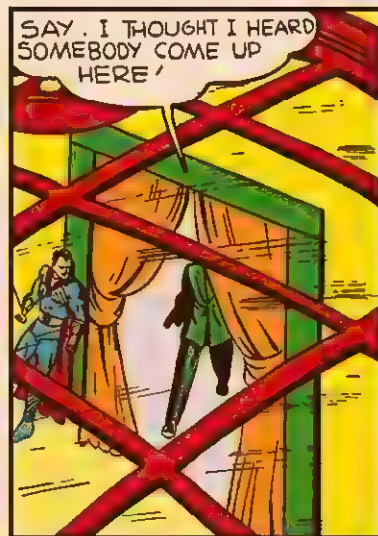
FOUR... FIVE...



... SIX... THE THUGS SUDDENLY GO DOWN AS THE ANGEL STRIKES AT THEM FROM THE VARIOUS CELLAR CORRIDORS.



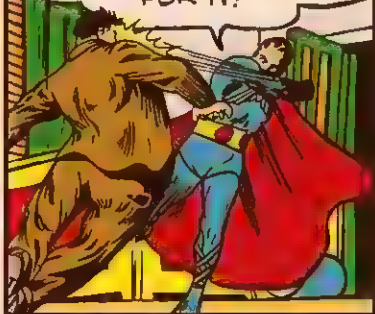




-BEFORE HE IS ABLE TO SHOOT, THE ANGEL STREAKS CLEAR ACROSS THE ROOM AND IS UPON SAVOY LIKE A SPRINGING PANTHER.....



SO YOU HAD HAPPY NOLAN KILLED SO HE WOULDN'T TESTIFY AGAINST YOU IN COURT TOMORROW, EH? I COULD STAND YOUR KILLING YOUR OWN KIND, BUT YOU STEPPED OVER YOUR LIMITS WHEN YOU PICKED ON NOLAN, AND NOW YOU'LL PAY FOR IT!



HAW! SURE I HAD NOLAN BUMPED OFF.... BUT YOU'RE THE ONLY GUY OUTSIDE MY GANG THAT KNOWS IT.... AN' THAT'S GONNA DO YOU MORE HARM THAN GOOD!



BUT... NEITHER OF THE TWO MEN ARE AWARE OF THE FACT THAT THE TELEPHONE HAS FALLEN DOWN AND AN OPERATOR IS LISTENING IN ON THE CONVERSATION.....



A FEW MOMENTS LATER.... POLICE HEADQUARTERS IS CONNECTED TO SAVOY'S OPEN WIRE....

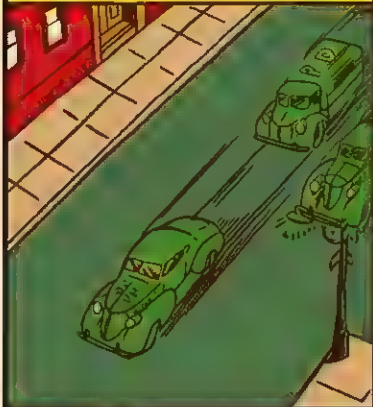
SARGE.... GET THIS!



WOW! GET THE RIOT SQUAD OUT.... THE ANGEL IS TEARING UP SAVOY'S GANG! FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD, SAVOY'S TOLD ENOUGH TO HANG HIMSELF!



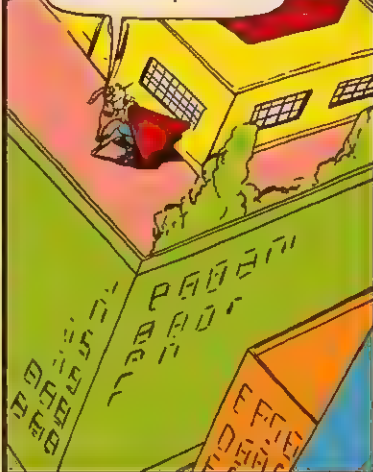
IN A FEW MINUTES, POLICE SIRENS SCREECH OUT THROUGH THE NIGHT AS THE RIOT SQUAD HEADS FOR SAVOY'S APARTMENT....



MEANWHILE, THE RAGING BATTLE BETWEEN THE ANGEL AND LIMPY SAVOY IS CARRIED OUT ONTO THE TERRACE OF THE PENTHOUSE....



SO YOU WERE GOING TO FIX ME, EH?



THE ANGEL'S FOOT SLIPS... AND SAVOY POUNCES UPON HIM, PRESSING HIM OVER THE EDGE OF THE BUILDING!



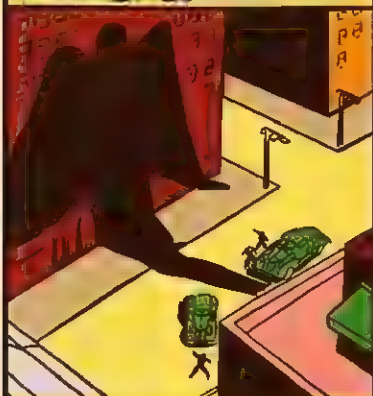
W-WHAT'S THAT?
POLICE SIRENS!



GRASPING THE OPPORTUNITY, THE ANGEL SHIFTS SUDDENLY... AND SAVOY PLUNGES TO THE PAVEMENT BELOW..



AS THE POLICE FIND SAVOY'S BODY, A HUGE SHADOW OF AN ANGEL APPEARS ON THE NEARBY BUILDING....



THEN.... GROWING SMALLER, IT MOVES OVER SAVOY... AND REMAINS... MYSTERIOUSLY PERMANENT.



READ THE EXCITING ISSUE OF
DARING COMICS

NOW ON SALE...

STARRING THE SENSATIONAL
NEW CHARACTER...

MARVEL BOY!

also **THE FERRY MASK**
BROUGHT BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND
and **DYNAMAN**

• **MONARRO**

PRINCE OF MAGIC

• **The FALCON**

• **The FLYING FLAME**

AND THE NEW COMIC STRIP...

• **STUPORMAN**

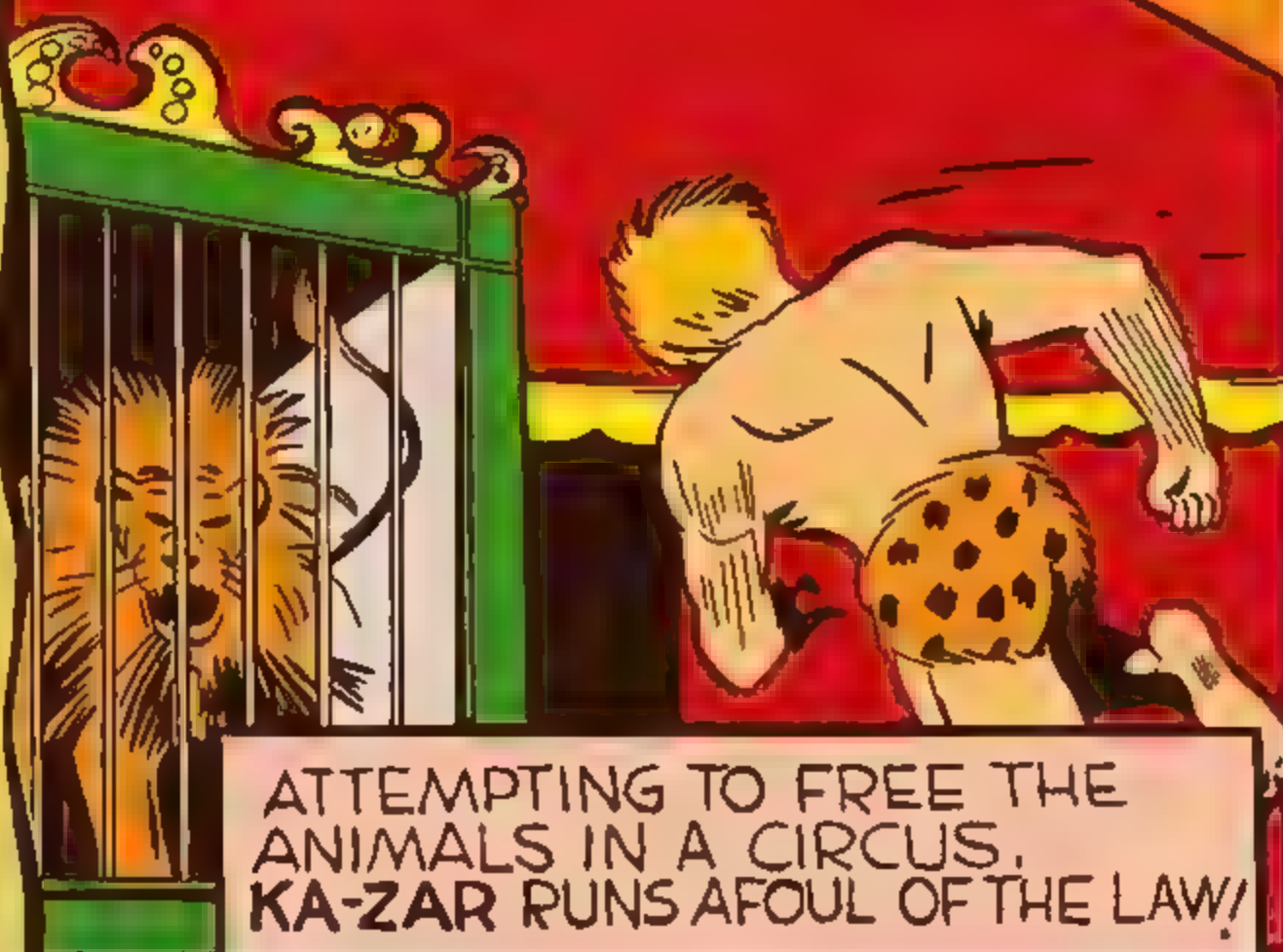
9 FOLLOW THE ANGEL EVERY MONTH IN MARVEL COMICS

ADVENTURES OF

KA-ZAR

THE GREAT

KA-ZAR, THE WHITE MAN WHO GREW UP IN THE WILD CONGO JUNGLE AND BECAME PROTECTOR AND GUARDIAN OF THE JUNGLE ANIMALS, HAS BEEN CARRIED TO THE UNITED STATES ON A STEAMSHIP! HE BOARDED THE SHIP IN AN EFFORT TO FREE HIS FRIEND ZAR, THE LION, WHO HAD BEEN CAPTURED BY A BIG GAME HUNTER. UNABLE TO ESCAPE FROM THE SHIP, BOTH WERE TAKEN TO THIS COUNTRY, WHERE KA-ZAR AND ZAR SUCCEEDED IN GETTING FREE IN NEW YORK CITY. THE PAIR FINALLY ARE SURROUNDED BY POLICE WHEN KA-ZAR VISITS A ZOO IN AN ATTEMPT TO FREE THE WILD ANIMALS CAGED THERE!



ATTEMPTING TO FREE THE ANIMALS IN A CIRCUS, KA-ZAR RUNS AFOUL OF THE LAW!

REMEMBERING PREVIOUS EXPERIENCES IN THE JUNGLE WHEN HE WAS FIRED UPON BY HUNTERS, AND NOT WANTING ZAR HARMED, KA-ZAR SURRENDERS TO THE POLICE!



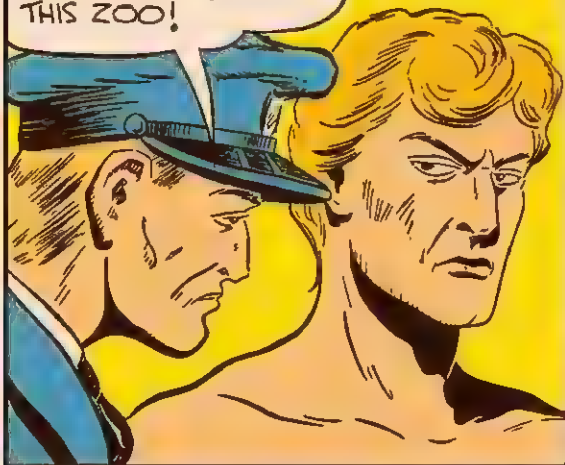
YOU COULD NOT GET ME WITHOUT GUNS!

LISTEN, WILD MAN, WITH OR WITHOUT GUNS, WE'VE GOT YOU AND YOU ARE GOING TO BE PUT WHERE YOU CAN'T RUN AROUND LOOSE!

JUST DON'T HARM THIS LION.... OR I'LL GIVE YOU PLENTY OF TROUBLE!



THE LION? OH, HE'LL
GET A NICE CAGE IN
THIS ZOO!



WHEN KEEPERS ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE
ZAR, HE ROARS HIS DEFIANCE!

2

I DON'T WANT TO
TANGLE WITH HIM!



BUT, KA-ZAR QUIETS ZAR!

ZAR, ALLOW YOURSELF
TO BE CAPTURED!

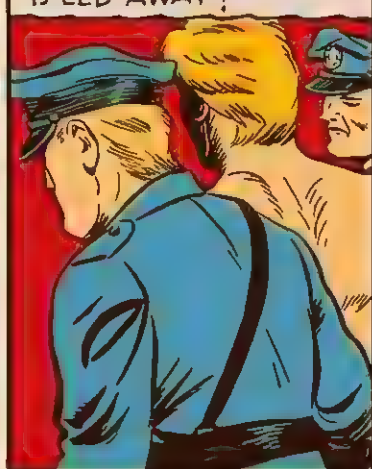


IN JUNGLE LANGUAGE, KA-ZAR
TELLS THE LION THAT HE
WILL MANAGE TO FREE HIM!

... AND SO... WAIT UNTIL I
RETURN!



ZAR IS CAGED AND KA-ZAR
IS LED AWAY!



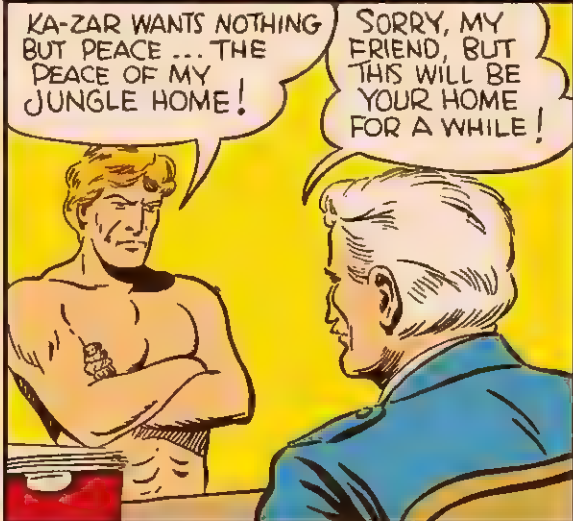
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.....

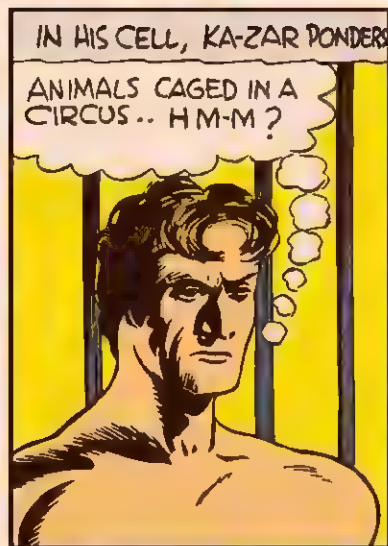
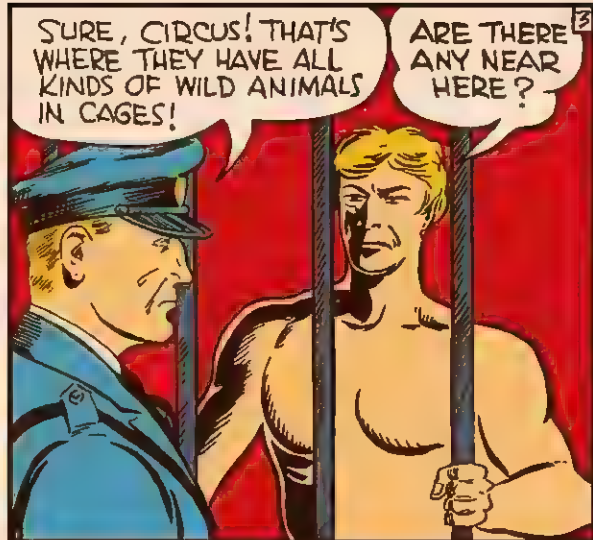
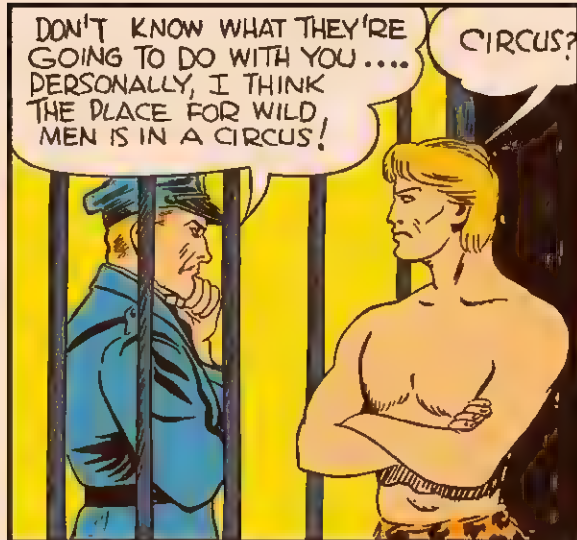
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN BY
SAYING I HAVE DISTURBED THE
PEACE!



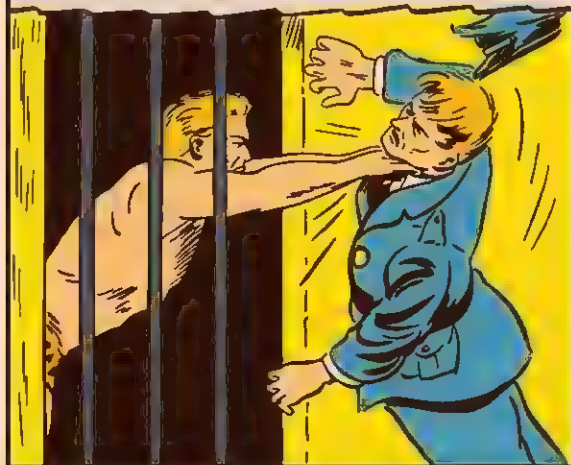
KA-ZAR WANTS NOTHING
BUT PEACE... THE
PEACE OF MY
JUNGLE HOME!

SORRY, MY
FRIEND, BUT
THIS WILL BE
YOUR HOME
FOR A WHILE!





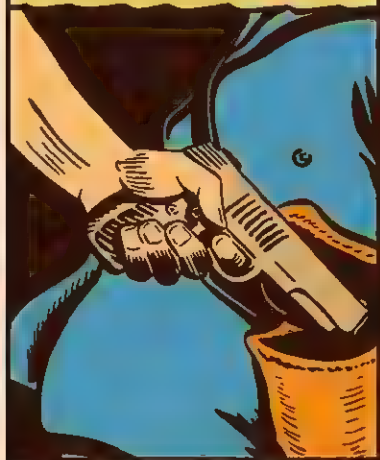
WITH LIGHTNING QUICKNESS, KA-ZAR'S HANDS SHOOT OUT AND GRAB THE GUARD!



NOW, I'LL CHOKE THE LIFE OUT OF YOU IF YOU DON'T OBEY!



KA-ZAR TAKES THE GUARD'S GUN FROM IT'S HOLSTER!



I KNOW HOW TO USE YOUR GUN... UNLOCK THIS CAGE OR YOU DIE!



OKAY... BUT, DON'T THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH THIS!

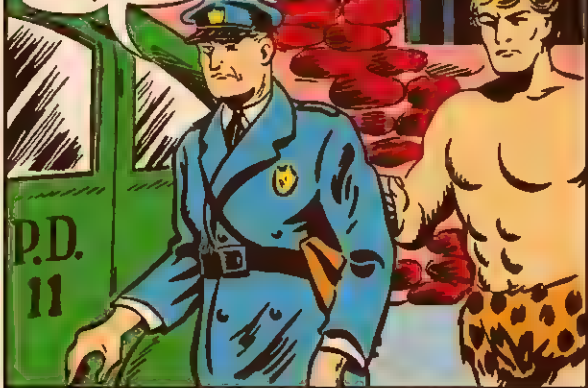


NOW... TAKE ME TO THAT CIRCUS.... OR I WILL SHOOT YOU!



THE GUARD LEADS KA-ZAR TO A SQUAD CAR!

WE'LL GO IN THIS... BUT, I WARN YOU, YOU'LL REGRET IT!



THE CAR HAS A SMALL PORTABLE RADIO TRANSMITTER, WHICH THE OFFICER USES!

OFFICER RYAN CALLING ...
KA-ZAR HAS ESCAPED AND
IS FORCING ME TO DRIVE
HIM TO THE CIRCUS
IN BROOKLYN!

?

WHO DO YOU THINK CAN
HEAR YOU... TALKING
AT THAT SHINY
THING?

YOU'LL FIND
OUT!

5

MEANWHILE, A GIRL APPEARS
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS!

LET ME SEE KA-ZAR! I
KNOW HIM AND I CAN
REASON WITH HIM!

HE HAS ESCAPED, BUT WE
ARE GOING TO CATCH HIM IN
BROOKLYN... YOU CAN GO
ALONG!

THANKS!

I KNOW I CAN
HANDLE HIM!

HOPE YOU
ARE RIGHT!

THE POLICE CAR SPEEDS AWAY!

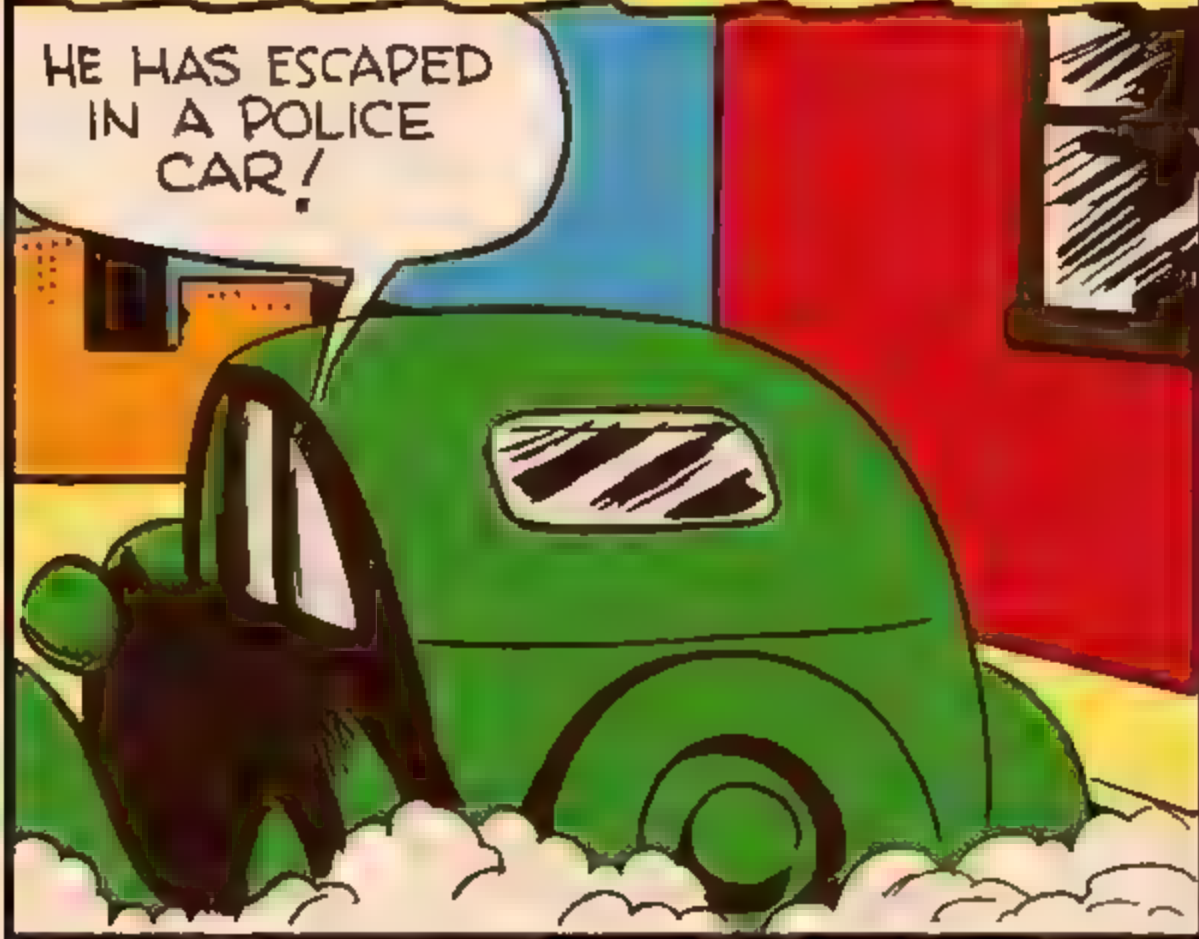
YOU SEE, MY FATHER IS AN EXPLORER AND
ONCE WHEN WE WERE LOST IN AFRICA,
KA-ZAR SAVED OUR LIVES! FOR THAT
REASON, I WANT TO HELP HIM!

KA-ZAR AND HIS CAPTIVE NEAR THE
CIRCUS

WE'LL BE THERE SOON!
HOPE THOSE SQUAD CARS
ARE WAITING!

NOT FAR BEHIND, PURSUING POLICE RACE
THROUGH THE CITY.....

HE HAS ESCAPED
IN A POLICE
CAR!



THERE'S THE CAR...
WITH KA-ZAR!



SIRENS...RIGHT BEHIND
ME... THEY GOT
HERE QUICK!



WELL, MY FRIEND...YOUR
RIDE IS OVER!



ARMED POLICE SURROUND
THE CAR.....

GET OUT BEFORE
WE SHOOT!



KA-ZAR IS FORCED OUT OF THE CAR AS
HIS FRIEND HURRIES UP!

KA-ZAR...DON'T
YOU REMEMBER
ME?



I'M RUTH WILSON!
YOU SAVED MY FATHER
AND I FROM DEATH
IN THE JUNGLE!

YES.... I
REMEMBER....
BUT, WHY ARE
YOU HERE?





WE LIVE HERE AND WE WANT TO HELP YOU. WHY DID YOU DO THIS?

THIS MAN TOLD ME THAT THERE ARE MANY OF MY FRIENDS CAGED IN WHAT HE CALLS A CIRCUS!



I WANT TO FREE THEM!

BUT, KA-ZAR, YOU CAN'T DO THAT!



THE GIRL APPEALS TO THE POLICE

KA-ZAR KNOWS ONLY THE JUNGLE AND MEANS NO HARM!



LET HIM GO FREE IN THE CUSTODY OF MYSELF AND MY FATHER! WE WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR HIM!



RUTH WILSON FINALLY CONVINCES THE POLICE THAT SHE CAN CONTROL KA-ZAR AND WILL KEEP HIM OUT OF TROUBLE!

AND, BELIEVE ME, WE'RE GLAD TO GET RID OF HIM!



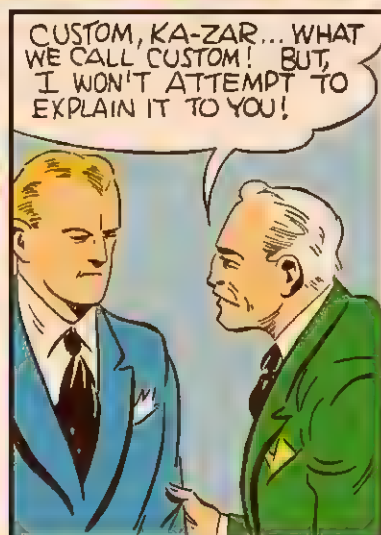
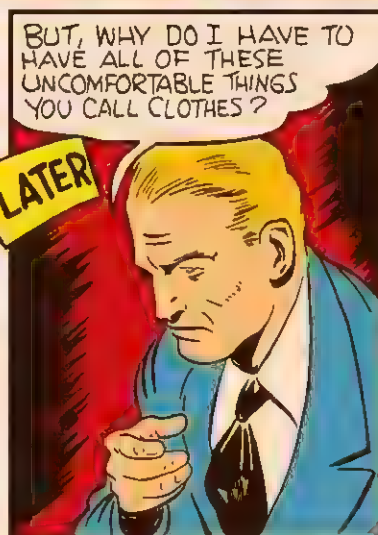
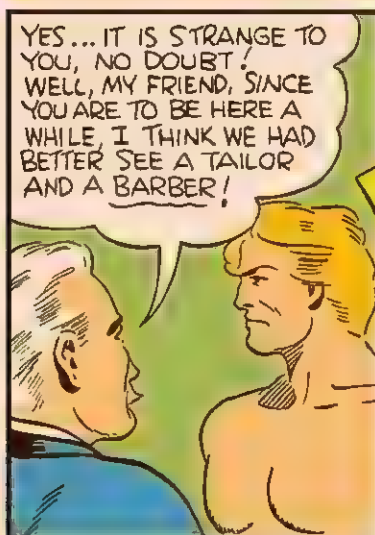
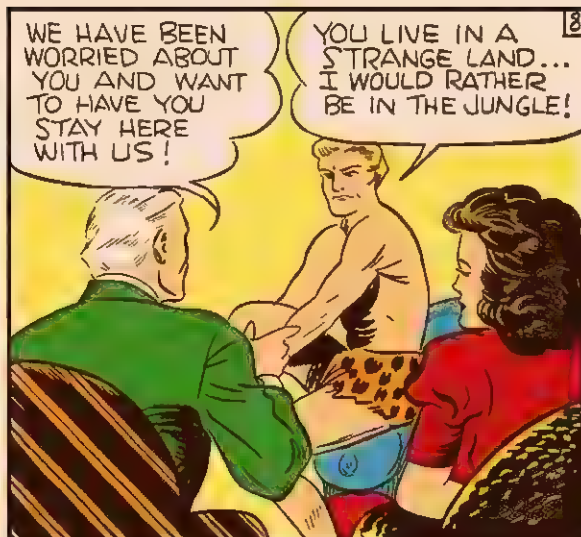
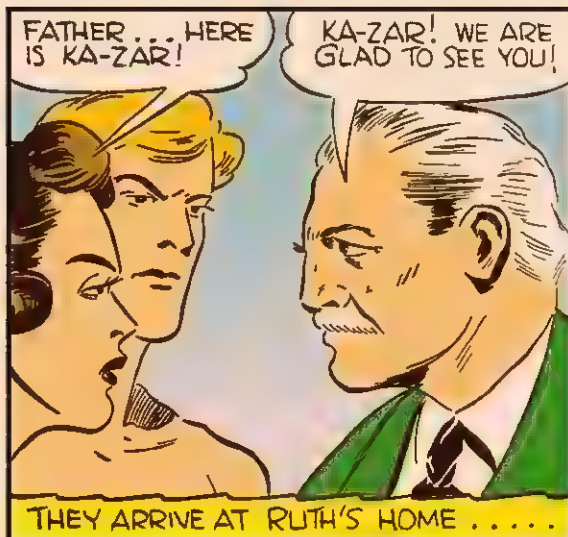
I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU HOME TO FATHER! HE WILL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU!

BUT, I MUST FREE ZAR!



WAIT... ZAR WILL BE SAFE IN THE ZOO, AND IF YOU TRY TO FREE HIM IT WILL GET YOU BOTH IN TROUBLE!

ALL RIGHT... YOU ARE MY ONLY FRIENDS! I WILL DO AS YOU SAY!



DON'T WORRY, ZAR....
I'LL GET YOU
FREE SOMEHOW!

YES...WE WILL
TRY AND GET
YOU BACK TO
AFRICA!

THAT NIGHT, KA-ZAR DOES NOT GO TO BED⁹

I MUST FREE ZAR!

HE ESCAPES FROM THE HOUSE!

KA-ZAR DISCARDS THE SHOES
THAT HURT HIS FEET!

I DON'T LIKE WHAT THEY
CALL CIVILIZATION!

THE JUNGLE MAN RUNS
THROUGH THE NIGHT!

JUNGLE INTUITION...THE INSTINCT OF ANIMALS
IN FINDING THEIR WAY WHEN LOST, LEADS
HIM TO THE ZOO....

IT IS CLOSE!

HIS SENSES TELL HIM HE IS NEAR ZAR!

I WILL CALL....TO LET ZAR
KNOW I AM COMING!

AS KA-ZAR ROARS THE CALL OF THE LION,
A POLICE SQUAD HEARS HIM.

DIDN'T THAT SOUND LIKE A LION? SAY....
WE'D BETTER GET TO THE ZOO. MAYBE
A LION IS LOOSE!

YEAH...MAYBE THE
BIG ONE, THAT WILD
MAN BROUGHT
WITH HIM!



KA-ZAR REACHES THE ZOO!

ZAR!... KA-ZAR IS
HERE TO FREE YOU!



HE SEIZES THE BARS OF
THE CAGE AND WITH HIS
GREAT STRENGTH TEARS
THEM APART.

I PROMISED TO COME
FOR YOU!



HIS FRIENDS DISCOVER THAT
KA-ZAR IS GONE!

RUTH! KA-ZAR IS NOT
IN THE HOUSE!



FATHER! WE MUST
FIND HIM.... HE
MIGHT HAVE GONE
TO ZAR!



AS KA-ZAR BENDS THE IRON BARS OF ZAR'S
CAGE, THE POLICE FIND HIM!

LOOK! IT'S KA-ZAR....
TURNING THE LION
LOOSE!

WE CAN'T TAKE
ANY CHANCES!
SHOOT TO KILL!



WILL KA-ZAR AND ZAR
ESCAPE OR WILL THEY
BE SHOT BY THE POLICE?

ANOTHER
KA-ZAR
ADVENTURE
NEXT MONTH

If only they knew how well it paid! He had a cool six hundred thousand smackers, all laid away in a safe place till he served his time! The sentence was seven years; with two off for good behavior, he'd be out in five. And what were five years if they would get you a lifetime of luxury afterwards?



RAIL joints clicked; the whistle wailed. Every turn of the wheels brought him closer to safety. For a moment he thought, without remorse, of Sam the Barber, the pal he'd doublecrossed. He'd grabbed the dough, then told the cops where they could pick up Sam. He wasn't sure whether they'd got him or not. If not, then he was doubly safe in the Big House. Sam's vengeance couldn't follow him there.

"If they nabbed Sam, that's O.K. too," Danny thought. "The poor old guy is sick—he'll be better off where the meals are regular and a doc is nearby. You give Sam a slice of that dough, he'd kill himself off in a year, trying to spend it fast enough. I really did him a favor. Anyhow, it's a cut-throat world, and I just out-smarted him."

A cut-throat world, all right, but not where Danny was going after he finished serving his time. Within six hours after his release, after he'd paid his debt to the law, he'd have the dough and be aboard a ship for South America. Then for the rest of his life there'd be no work, no worries—nothing to do but play around in the sun and live like the gentleman he'd always wanted to be. Plenty of women and racetracks and yachts. What a set-up!

It was certainly worth five years in the Big House. Even the five years wouldn't be bad. He was a brain man, a white collar guy, not a laborer. No broom factory for him; they'd probably

put him in the prison library, or something soft like that. Oh, it was perfect!

Now the train stopped at the prison town, and he had his first look at the grim, towering grey walls. Even that didn't dismay him.

"Those walls ain't keeping me in," he told himself. "They're keeping the world out—especially Sam. They spell safety for me."

Massive, bolt-studded gates slid shut behind the car. It was all over now; he was safe inside. No cut-throat stuff here; all he had to do was keep busy for five years.

WARDEN DAWES gave him a little lecture. Something about learning to cooperate, become a good citizen, useful member of society, time off for good behavior. Danny just let him talk, scarcely listening.

"O.K., Chief," he grinned.

Dawes didn't like it; Danny was too cocky. He sent him off curtly to be fingerprinted. After that Danny turned in his clothes and drew prison garb. Then for a physical exam.

"You're sound as a dollar," the doc told him.

"Sure thing Doc," grinned Danny. "I got plenty to live for."

The Doc didn't like it, either. Danny knew they wanted him to act humble, scared. Why should he be scared? He waved jauntily at everybody.

"This way," the guard ordered. He led Danny into the barber shop for his first prison hair-cut, his first prison shave.

Danny sailed into the barber shop with all the swagger of a millionaire entering his club. He looked at himself in the mirror. Not bad—those South American girls would go for him. He sat in the chair, felt himself sinking back. Then he shut his eyes and gave himself over to the warm, rich lather.

Somebody gave a familiar hacking cough, and a grunt of surprise. Danny's eyes flew open.

It was Sam. Sam the Barber. Standing over him with a razor.

Danny gasped. He saw the triumphant flicker in Sam's eyes. The guard was coming back; he had to talk fast.

"Listen, I got the dough put away safe!" he hissed. "We'll split when we get out!"

Sam licked his lips. The razor trembled ominously. "I'll never get out, you rat. My lungs will finish me off first. What good is dough to me? You dirty double-crosser, I've been waiting for you. That's all I want!"

Danny opened his mouth to scream "Wait!" He never got the word formed. His scream trailed off into a choking blubber. Guards came running.

"All right, boys, burn me," said Sam, wiping the razor. "It's a cut-throat world; he had it coming to him."

THE END

HEY FELLAS! LOOK at THIS!

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HUMAN TORCH.

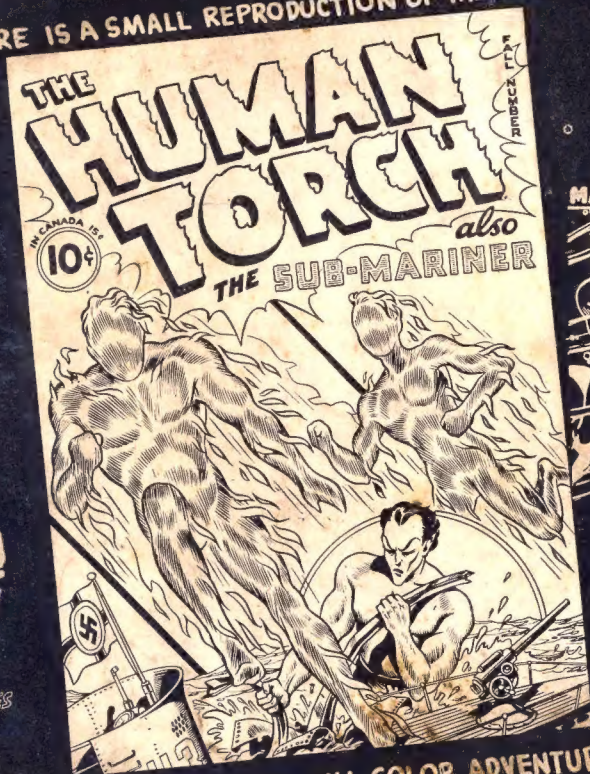
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